





## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

## IS GODLINESS PROFITABLE?

Notes of a Sermon by  
REV. EMORY J. HAYNES.

Again the scene is in the North, not far from the same imperial city of Philippi, where, a week ago, our discourse found the Apostle Paul writing a letter to the Corinthians. But now, what changes! Then he was fifty years of age, perhaps, and we saw him walking the streets so wearily as to count his days but few. Then his locks were white beneath the torch of the Philippian household, and his wasted cheek made a grove for the tears that silently fell at their welcome. Then his thin hands trembled as he extended them in greetings, or lifted them in sweetest benedictions, so that you and I, who saw him leaning upon the arm of Tychicus, said, "alas for the man who, like his Lord, has given himself for others; his days are well-nigh spent!"

Not so, not so to-day, as he grasps the stylus, and nervously smooths his parchment-roll, writing to the Bishop of Asia. He is seventy years of age; his tireless feet have belted all of five kingdoms with a network of paths, like threads of silver; and his voice has sounded in the great squares of every capital, in the halls of Nero's judgment-room, while he stood (not kneeling) and pleaded for his life. Since we saw him last he has spent two years in Spain; he has seen the Rock of Gibraltar, towering out of the limitless ocean, and compared it to the Rock of our salvation; he has stood amid the vineyards of Malaga when the vintage was pressed, and told of Him who, for man, had trodden the wine-press of God's wrath alone, saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" till the half-wild Spaniard caught the sign, and was saved; two years amid the hills of Grenada, threading the coast of the sea, heralding Christ under the shadow of the Pyrenees; and the fruit of that labor, which appears not in this book, will appear to his blessing in those records kept on high. Timothy, you, and I, stand to question him, after his thirty years of a pious life of the seventy lived on earth, in journeyings oft, in perils by water, in perils of robbers, in perils of his countrymen, in perils of heathen in the city, in the wilderness—does it pay, Paul, at seventy years of age—does it pay? And this is the answer: "Godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

There is a prevailing opinion in the minds of men, that this word of Scripture is a half truth; and a half truth is always as bad as a lie. It is a lie, because it deceives men. "Godliness is profitable," say men, "in that it has promise of the life which is to come, we admit—the life to come after we are dead, or after we are sixty years of age, and the blood of youth has cooled; or when with a competence we can retire; but godliness is in the way of vigor, and activity, and young manhood, and defeats the efforts for wealth, laughter and song." Think now, for a moment, what such a denial involves. Who created the world? The God in whom you believe; for surely you believe in a God. There was a time when this earth was not. Come back with me to that time, and gather all this congregation, in imagination, with decent attire, around the foot of God's throne. Look out into space. Our sun may not be there, but other suns doubtless are. No planets of our system are there, though others are. The space we occupy as a system is empty. God sees it; He has known it long. The time has come when He will change it. He lifts His finger, and the rays of the sun appear, as quick as that. He lifts His finger again, and a great cloud of vapor appears; and that is the earth that is yet to be. From whence comes matter? From the east? No. From the west? No. From the north? No. From the south? No. He spoke, and it was done. He created from nothing. All the hills, the sea, and the rocks of our earth are in that gaseous cloud; all diamonds, gold and silver; the brick of this church, the wood of my desk, the bodies of men yet to be—all earthly things, save the souls of men. Now, imagine one of this congregation, who has been standing at the foot of the throne while this creation has been going on, lifting up his voice to respectfully suggest that out of a cloud of vapor God could never bring the order of the earth that now is. Why, one of the archangels who stands beside the throne would instantly unsheathe himself and cry, "poor worm of the dust, would you question godliness?"

And yet, every man who denies that godliness is profitable to the life that now is, is prepared to assert that God made a mistake in the creation and in His laws; for godliness is not merely going to the prayer-meeting altar, nor joining the Church simply, but living in harmony with creative law, so far as we are concerned in it. God has made a law of the palate, a law of the hand, a law of the nerve, a law of the foot, a law of the loins; and though for the time being the profligate or the irreligious may, with a sneer at the prudence of godly folk, declare it as his purpose to squeeze from his flesh more satisfaction than can be gained by lawfulness. Yet he cannot do this in reality, for the law of continence and temperance dwell in that nebulous cloud, around which the morning stars sang together for joy.

"Have you never observed," queries some objector, "that the man of a very sensitive conscience, who is most un-

selfish, honest, upright and prayerful, is not generally the most prosperous man? In other words, have you never observed that if a man would amass untold wealth, or secure wide possessions of any kind, he must be bold and unscrupulous?" I grant you that such are frequently prosperous; but I am sure that not all such are prosperous. Still, neither are all prosperous such. Still, go into the house of such a man, who by cold, hard selfishness has wrought himself to be the possessor of millions, and see him by himself—rolling wearily up town at the day's close, wearily mounting by the heavy balustrade to the door of his mansion; a liveried lackey opens wide the door, for the great man has been so engrossed with his business for forty years that his children have never drawn nigh to him, and never meet him on the stairs. Pictures from Beirut, Church, Ru-bens, and even other foreign masters, hang in his parlors, but he does not look at them. Costly trinkets line the mantels and the rich corners of his rooms, but he scarcely gazes through the doors at them. There is a sound of empty chatter and laughter in the back parlor, where some waxen Adonis is paying his court; but the rich man only pauses to see if it really is the son of his neighbor, the millionaire. He inquires scowlingly of the servant for his son, for the boy is a profligate, because his father never warmed his home by love; he is still out. His wife is in Europe, with two of the children, spending his cash. Servants hurry in the room above to warm his slippers—for pay; they roll the waiting arm-chair in its place—for pay; they turn up the lights and spread his evening paper—for pay; they prepare his silent, cheerless meal below—for pay. And last night, as he stood at the foot of the stairs, all this came to him. With one foot on the lower stair he grasped the bronze figure of Atlas, which holds the hall light, and it was cold. So is home and all the world to him. He looked up at the face of Atlas, and that figure had a metallic smile; nay, more—a sneer, as do the men who smile upon him, and the multitude who sneer at him, when he has ground to powder in his forty selfish years. The light falls softly on the bronze figure of Atlas and the figure of the "prosperous" man; and both alike are men of iron.

Ten thousand young men call him prosperous indeed, and envy him; but God does not, and I do not. Why? I had rather be yonder Cape Cod fisherman, who has made his dwelling on the beach out of the hull of last year's fishing smack, the windows of which look out upon the sea, and whence his praying wife gazed wistfully through all the days of his absence on the recent voyage, and prayed God to spare him from the fore-foot of the ocean steamer in the fog, preserve him in the storm, send fishes to his net. And when in November he came home, the light shone through to welcome him; and to-night his children gather round his knee, while, with the Bible on his lap, and a song of praise and prayer, he is happy in the consciousness that all the people of the little town look on him with love. His arm is bronzed, but it is that which came from hard and honest toil, and is only skin-deep. His face is hard and furrowed, but softened by tears of pity and compassion for the souls of men, as he exhorts in the Cape town prayer-meeting, making it look beautiful and soft as a woman's. O, ye women who bear men, who would you rather your sons would be?

Do I not state the truth to-night, when I say there are nineteen young men in this congregation, to whom piety would be the making of the man? and that there are ninety-eight members of this Church who can truthfully say, "to my conversion, before I was thirty years of age, I owe all I have ever been in society?"

Watch me, for I will paint a picture, and see you if I draw it wrongfully. Standing on the corner of Tompkins Square is a young mechanic. It is the day of the great demonstration of the laboring men. The benevolent face of the old deacon approaches.

"Hiram, is this you? Are you here in this turmoil?"

"Deacon, have you found me? and how did you know me?"

"Why, your father's schooner loaded at my dock years ago, when you were but a wee lad upon the deck; and now your father's dead, I hear. Come out of this place, Hiram, for the police will surely disperse the crowd. My boy, you drink; but if you were to become a Christian you would not."

"Can I, indeed, break off? Is there power in God to help me quell this habit?"

"Yes, you have a trade?"

"Yes; but I am so irregular that I have lost my place."

"You would be of more use, so that you would be able to keep your place, if you were a Christian. You have a family?"

"Yes, but I am not specially happy with them."

"But if you were a Christian your home would have new light and joy in it. You do not read, except these wild things in the daily prints. You need to stop and think. You are growing up to be thoroughly a machine."

"But I have no friends!"

"If you will serve Christ He shall be your friend, and all the cleanly people of the Church shall take you in."

O, golden moment on the corner of Tompkins Square!

Three years roll away, and he is so steady and true that he has become an overseer; seven years, and his employer retires; ten years, and he himself retires. His son has graduated at college; his three daughters are wed in

the best circles—his labor is complete. His head is silvered, but men love his whitened locks on the street. He has almost built a Church, in modest return for what the great Christ has done for him. Hail, Christ, thou friend of publicans and sinners! Can that be a veritable circumstance? Can religion do as much as that for a common laboring man? It can be true—it is true; for, change the dates and cities, and I know the man, and have often heard him give God the glory. O, Hiram, the widow's son—saved by a greater than King Solomon!

## ANSWER TO UNWISE PRAYER.

BY REV. A. J. CHURCH.

"And He gave them their request, and sent leanness into their souls."

How many times have people been cursed by an answer to their prayers! When they grow willful and perverse in their choices, and are determined to have their own way, they begin to pray in that direction till God punishes their self-will by saying, in fact, *Have your own way, then, and see what will come of it!* So, headstrong Baalam could not be content with God's refusal to go with Balak and curse Israel, though he mildly says to the princes of Balak, the Lord refuseth to give me leave to go with you. But when there came "again princes, more and more honorable than they," he boldly ventured to ask again if he might go, not daring to say that great honors and gold were the inducements which the son of Zippor held before his eyes, and professing great fidelity to the divine behests.

But he asked this second time in the face of a divine prohibition. He forced consent. "Rise up, and go with them." And God's anger was kindled because he went. An angel contested his progress with flaming sword; still, he went. His obstinacy awakened gloomy thoughts and apprehensions in his soul; still, he went. The positive refusal kept ringing its dismal omens in his ears; still, he went. The fate of apostates and disobedient prophets kept flashing out on the landscape before him; but he went right on. He had his request, and, loaded with royal gifts and honors, the wayward prophet perished amid the foes of God's people, under the judicial frown and abandonment of God.

It seems as if it were a severe act for God to say, "I will choose your delusions," and let poor ignorant creatures rush on after every deceit and humbug that imposes on the credulous. But He will not be trifled with. He does not love to see them cheated, peeled and ruined by impostors. Light, sufficient to guide to true and better things, is vouchsafed to men; but if they deliberately turn away to the charms and novelties of the deceiver, it matters not how much they pray and talk about sincerity, they will reap a crop of impositions and shams, and will bring leanness into their souls.

The worldly, the proud, the ambitious, the wicked of every sort, are thus punished by getting what they most want. The terrible law of retribution is, that their idolatry transforms them into the likeness of the things they love and hunger for. The worldling who says, I will be rich, becomes a miser; the proud become more vain and gay and frivolous; the ambitious, more place-seekers or tyrants; and each dwells and deadens his higher nature and capacities, till he can do nothing else than run in the ruts of his favorite idolatry, and is a reflection of his idol. The love of truth, of virtue, of man, of God, has perished in the intense "lust of other things"—meaner and baser things.

What a thorough philosophy of soul-education is revealed in the statement, "He gave them their request, and sent leanness into their souls." Nor are wicked men monopolists of this kind of praying. It was the Jewish Church that "lusted exceedingly for the flesh pots and garbles of Egypt," of whom this record is made. He gave them their request, and sent leanness into their souls. Are not multitudes of Christians and Churches in our day cursed from the same cause, and in the same way? Throughout the land is not every serious one convinced that our religion is weak and inefficient? that piety is superficial and showy? that hunger after God, and soul-satisfying communion with God are supplanted by all sorts of gaudiness and sensationalism, and parade of nice things in our worship? It needs not a croaker or alarmist to see what fatal compromises are made with unbelief, fashion, learning and vice, for the sake of temporary successes; how Christianity is stripped of its holy and supernatural character and power, in order to conciliate its enemies, or to make it easy to those who will not obey its precepts nor exemplify its spirit.

And the consequence is, that leanness is in our souls. Bear with me, brethren, if I speak painful things. I have seen them! In the very seat of the Reformation not one tenth of the men go to the house of God, or believe in conversion, or any personal duty to God. Their Sabbath is the day for toil and recreation. Drinking is nearly universal, and a revival of religion is scouted as a barbarism and disgrace. American Christianity is on the same road. The doctrinal and revival preacher is dismissed for a flippancy. The grand old hymns of praise are pushed out by garish performances of an operatic quartette. The revival is succeeded by revivals, floral cornucopias, and fairs. Light, frothy novels furnish mental pabulum to children of sires who lived on Wesley, Dwight, Flavel, and the Bible. Out of

vast material gains, such slender consecrations are offered as to leave our best work half done, our noblest enterprises to fail. O for one year of primitive Christianity! O to be shoulder to shoulder with earnest men! But so many cry, "my leanness, my leanness," that it seems as if heart and courage had gone out of us. O may God refuse our sinful and silly prayers, and not curse us by answering them; but the Spirit "teach us what to pray for as we ought, and help our infirmities, with groanings which cannot be uttered."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY.

One of the pet projects of the Canadians, who aspire to an ultimate powerful nationality, closely allied with Great Britain, but friendly to the United States, is the construction of a railroad extending from Halifax on the Atlantic, to Vancouver's Island on the Pacific. The financiers and statesmen of the mother country eminently favor the enterprise, and pledge the national faith to the payment of interest and principal of a loan of \$15,000,000 in its aid. The subscribers to the loan have also been ready to take it at par, the interest, 4 per cent., to be paid semi-annually.

A year ago, Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal, the great steam-ship proprietor, held the contract for its construction. But being charged with having obtained it by such corrupt practices as those so deplorably identified with the Union Pacific, Erie, and other American railroads, and also with intending to sacrifice the Canadian undertaking to the interest of the Northern Pacific, he was compelled to surrender it. Lord Dufferin, Governor General of Canada, is now said to hold it, and that he is expected to carry it out, consistently with personal honor and public faith. The Canadians are too poor to afford, and possibly too honest to permit, a repetition of American scandals within their provinces.

About details respecting the project, the engineering difficulties to be overcome, the nature and extent of the country it is designed to open up, and the benefits to be derived from it, authentic information may be gathered from the volume entitled, "Ocean to Ocean," being a diary kept during a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through Canada, in 1872, by the Rev. George M. Grant, of Halifax, N. S., Secretary to the Surveying Expedition under Sandford Fleming, esq., the Engineer-in-Chief, (Toronto: James Campbell & Son.) How the realization of this magnificent "Dominion" dream will affect the gigantic but chilly country north of us, is matter of interest to Zion's Herald, on humanitarian grounds. How it will affect the "Hub of the Universe" is matter of interest, for religious, patriotic and pecuniary reasons.

Before attempting to present the latter, it is well to show what Canada anticipates from the construction of her Pacific Railroad, running, as it must for nearly a thousand miles, through thinly settled sections, another thousand along great and small lakes, another thousand over rolling prairies, and another thousand through forests and over the great ranges of mountains to the Pacific terminus. Stranger dreams than those of Canada have been eventually actualized; and she dreams of a highway shorter than that from San Francisco to New York by hundreds of miles, along which shall pass the fabrics and products of Asia, to her wide-spread provinces and to Europe—a highway whose loftiest summit level, at the Yellow Head Pass of the Rocky Mountains, shall be only 3,700 feet, while that of the Union Pacific is 8,200 feet—a highway linking together a chain of loyal provinces that stretch across the continent—a highway that shall render a vast, beautiful, and fertile northwestern empire, 1,100 miles long by 600 wide, and bounded northwardly by the isothermal line that passes through Toronto, accessible to the millions of loyal British emigrants—a highway that shall make immense regions "of Laurentian and Haronian rocks, once pronounced worthless, but now known to be rich beyond conception in minerals, rich in gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, phosphate of lime, and, strange as the assertion may appear, probably coal, great centres of mining and manufacturing industry."

A highway through a country blessed with abundance of lumber, fish, rich soil, and "one of the most delightful climates in the world"—a highway, too, from whose Pacific terminus Christian Britain can look "into the very eyes of four hundred millions of heathen, a people eager to learn, acute to investigate, and whom the struggle for existence in crowded centres has made tolerant, patient and hardy, a people into whom she can infuse a higher life by the gift of that glorious gospel which is for all and to all.

Wilder dreams than those of Canada have become palpable realities. 'Tis not many years since Mr. Lorejoy, of Illinois, asked the member from California, who was urging the scheme of a trans-continental railroad, with a zeal that showed he honestly believed in it, "does the honorable member really mean to tell me he believes that the road will ever be built?" "Pass the bill, and it will be constructed in ten years," was the reply. In less than ten years it was constructed; and in less than ten years more after it was completed, no less than four different

companies were organized to build lines connecting the two great oceans, and to divide with the Central and Union Pacific corporations the profits of the enormous and constantly increasing trades they enjoy. Anglo-Saxon brain, muscles, energy and wealth, under God, can convert the primeval wilderness of the American Russia into smiling farms of opulent manufacturing towns. We can have no wish to the contrary; a hearty "God-speed" will issue from all republican lips that underlie a clear, strong, furnished brain.

Supposing the dream to be an accomplished fact—and such it will be—it is not to be supposed that we shall not profit by the prosperity of our quiet and excellent neighbors. The necessities of commerce will turn the stream of trade through republican channels, at least for the greater part of the year, if not permanently. Montreal is the national distributing centre of European manufactures, and of raw Canadian minerals, arboreal, and agricultural products. To that beautiful city their railroads and water ways converge, and from their exports radiate. For six months of the year the St. Lawrence, dangerous because of its fogs and rocks in the best of seasons, is closed to commerce by "thick-ribbed ice." But the cost of lengthened railroad transit to Halifax of bulky Canadian products via the Intercolonial and other roads, is so great, as compared with the cost of transmission to Portland, and to Boston by the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad and other lines, as to compel the major part of them to seek the seaboard by American routes. The Vermont section of the Portland and Ogdensburg, connecting with the Eastern Railroad of Massachusetts at Whitefield in New Hampshire, must necessarily appropriate the greater portion of the through traffic, and thus minister to a wonderful revival of the maritime greatness of "ye ancient towns of Boston." The far-seeing Fairbanks of Vermont, the sagacious merchants of Portland, and especially the shrewd, solid men of Beacon Street, see how Canadian ambition and British enterprise can be rendered tributary to Yankee prosperity, and wisely prepare in the present for a traffic whose dimensions in the not distant future, will surpass the expectations of the most sanguine. New England pluck and faith have stood the shock of our terrible financial panic most nobly, and commend all her public spirited undertakings to the confidence of the world.

Christian missions among the Indians, Canadian policy toward the Indians, and other topics invite discussion. But space forbids, and shuts us up to cordial advice to read Mr. Grant's instructive and map-embellished work.

## BOSTON TO WILMINGTON.

BY REV. W. J. PARKINSON.

On the 13th ult. we took passage via Providence and New Haven Railroad for Wilmington, N. C., and left the "Hub," perhaps forever—though we hope not. Practically, historically, Hebrewly, Greekly, and scientifically, it had been an interesting day, but now it was closed. The "outline of the course" had been given; "Yug," and "Yuga," and "Brahm" and "Brahma" explained; the final chapel prayer offered; and the personal good-byes spoken. School life had ended; and now, as rapidly as steam power would carry us, we were hastening to our field, to assist in harvesting it for God.

## A SABBATH IN BROOKLYN.

Is a treat under most any circumstances, but especially when the sun shines brightly, the air balmy, and it is one's privilege, as it was ours, to listen to two of the city's popular preachers.

In the morning we heard that rising star of our own Church, Rev. Emory J. Haynes, whose "notes of a sermon" have often added interest to the columns of the Herald. Brother H. is closing his second year with his people. As our friend Buckley remarked to us, "Haynes is a success in Brooklyn." He has built a new church, and crowds it morning and evening, although it will accommodate not far from two thousand five hundred people. He is doing a grand work for God in his present charge, and God blesses him. His Church numbers about eight hundred members, and increases weekly. What the secret of his power is, one perhaps does not readily see; but that he has power, the crowd testifies. He manages to get and hold the masses; and, as an eminent divine once said in our hearing, the masses are what we want, and want for Christ. And God bless the man who can bring these into our Churches, and then give them the "bread of life."

In the evening we listened to Doctor Talmage in his new Tabernacle—the grandest treat of our life. The building itself is well worth traveling many miles to see, as we saw it. "It up." It is said to have accommodations for 5,000 people. A gallery extends entirely around it, and almost to the centre of the body. Hanging from the ceiling are three very great and very grand chandeliers, each (being there a little early, we counted them) having 150 jets, in appearance similar to wax tapers. Beside these, there are three other chandeliers above the gallery, and about sixteen wall lights. According to our estimate there are some 1,200 gas jets burning during the service. Let your mind take in the picture, with 5,000 people added to it, and the peals of a \$25,000 dollar organ. The singing is congregational, with the following order of services: doxology, hymn, lesson, prayer, notices, collection, hymn, sermon, hymn, benediction, prayer-meeting.

Now a word of the man, to those who have not seen him. He is about medium height, rather slender, and far from prepossessing in either face or manner. About five minutes before the time of service he comes upon the platform, which is much like that of Tremont Temple in Boston, takes his seat beside a small table, and rests his head upon his hand. He looks care-worn, and impresses one with a feeling that it is a solemn message he has to deliver, which of course is true. After the opening doxology, which, as sung by all that company, is enough to make a Demosthenes out of a Moses, the preacher reads the first hymn; and from that moment the preacher and his business is the only thing which comes into the mind. It is no uncertain sound, either, but means salvation, from the beginning to the ending. His first hymn began:—

"Sinners, turn; why will ye die?"

His second:—

"O, do not let the word depart, And close thyself against the light. Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?"

And his third:—

"Hasten, sinners, to be wise." His text was from Acts xxiv. 15:—

"Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." I shall never forget the service nor the lesson.

The prayer-meeting at the close of the sermon was perhaps the most interesting of all. Just think—a prayer-meeting of three thousand five hundred people; and all over that mighty house, when the invitation was extended, people rising for the prayers of Christians, proving their honesty by their sobs. Measure such a man's power in a great city! God only can.

A SABBATH AT SEA. From New York to Portsmouth, Va., we proceeded by steamer, leaving New York on Saturday, the 21st, and reaching Portsmouth early Monday morning following. It was thus we spent a Sabbath on the wave. This water ride proved a very pleasant part of our journey. The weather being fine, company pleasant, and steamer staunch, we had but to enjoy ourselves. But how to get through the Sabbath without our accustomed services, was a puzzle to us. No one else volunteering, about eleven o'clock we took it upon ourselves to see the captain. He received us very kindly, and consented at once to co-operate to secure an audience, should we take it upon ourselves to conduct service. At three o'clock a pleasant little company was gathered in the cabin, the announcement having been made at dinner that service would be held. It was a novel sight. A company of two dozen, perhaps, for the passengers were not many, scattered in different parts of the cabin, while "Jack," with his great heart, and "son-wester" under his arm, stood in the gangway. We had never addressed just such an audience; but knowing the gospel to fit everywhere, we were sure if we gave this it would be all right. We tried to give it. Our service lasted about an hour, and we think we felt about as well in the Lord after it as after any service we ever held. We had to do our own singing, our own praying, and our own preaching; but God helped us. One thing was observable: after, and during the rest of the day, the whole tenor of conversation seemed to take a religious turn. Some we had heard blaspheming, now talked of the good influence of religion, of earlier and better lives, etc.; from all of which we learned the lesson to speak for Jesus everywhere. It pays.

Portsmouth is now reached, and we put our feet upon the soil of "Old Virginia." It was not our first visit. Twelve years before we had stood on the same soil—not, however, on just the same mission. Then, war was our cry; now, peace. Then we came to save the nation; now, to save the people. Then we came with the sword; now, with the Spirit—a soldier both times, but now, under king Emanuel, who is the aptain of our salvation. Victory perched upon our banners in that cause, and victory will perch upon our banners in this, for God has spoken it.

[To be continued.]

## DEATH OF SENATOR YATES.—The

Syracuse Courier has the following:—

"Dick Yates is dead at 1 st. Whiskey 'fetched' him, as it will any man, in the long run, who becomes its slave. He was Governor of Illinois when the war broke out, and did splendid service in forwarding troops to the support of government. General Grant got his first commission from him, as Colonel of an Illinois regiment. Later, he served a term in the United States Senate. He was a man of magnificent abilities, but a drunkard. He tried to reform, but was too far gone. His was a sad case. Richard Yates was born in Kentucky, but in early life removed to Illinois, graduating from college with bright prospects before him. He entered the Legislature of Illinois at the age of twenty-four, and served for seven years. He was elected to Congress in 1850, and re-elected in 1852. In 1860 he was elected Governor of Illinois. In 1865 he was elected United States Senator, and entered the Senate with the promise of achieving a brilliant record. During his life in Washington he became a victim of strong drink, and sank to the level of a common drunkard. His term in the Senate having expired, he returned to a home, his reputation gone—a ruined man. The grave closed his career, and covers his faults. His life is a warning to all who would follow his footsteps."

## Our Book Table.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Maunell B. Field, in his recent book, "Memories of Many Men and Some Women," tells the following good story: "When Harrison died, during his Presidency, Tyler, the Vice President, succeeded, as a matter of course; and thereupon he commissioned his Irish servant to look out for a carriage, to be purchased in honor of the new dignity. But reports of a second world war were so loud, that 'That will never do,' answered Mr. Tyler; 'it would not be proper for the President of the United States to drive a second-hand carriage.' And sure, what are you but a second-hand President?" was the prompt and unanswerable reply."

Hurd & Houghton have just issued a very important legal work in "Chitty on Contracts." The original work has passed through many editions, and has increased, under the hands of various editors, from a little volume of three hundred pages to two volumes, numbering nearly eighteen hundred pages. Mr. John Gardner has recently published a book, entitled "The Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age." It certainly ought to be popular. Rev. O. B. Frothingham's "Life of Theodore Parker," and Parton's "Life of Thomas Jefferson," are the two last books of note published by the Osgoods.—Dodd & Mead are to publish, shortly, Rev. Dr. Fish's excellent compendium of "Pulpit Eloquence." It has been hard to obtain, for some time past, and many will be glad to know that there will soon be a supply of copies. Porter & Coates have just issued a little volume, entitled "The Heroes of the Seven Years," by Mrs. C. H. B. Laing. It is a continuation of the "Seven Kings of the Seven Years," the design being to present in an attractive and familiar style the most prominent facts in the history of Ancient Rome. The favorable reception given to the earlier volumes has made it a centre of attraction to the public. A number of interesting publications have just been put forth by Estes & Lauriat. Some of them are the following: "Memories of Westminster Hall;" "Lives of the Chief Justices of England;" by Lord Campbell; "Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice;" by Sir George Stephen; "Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence;" by S. M. Phillips. The same house has in press a "Hand-book of Mythology," for the use of schools and general reading. Porter & Coates have just ready a new edition of Mrs. Ellet's "Queens of American Society," with numerous steel engravings. It will be sold only by subscription. The work in its previous editions has sold well, and still forms an essential to many a gentleman's library. In its new dress it will no doubt have numerous readers. The same house have in press a subscription edition of the "Waverley Novels" in twenty-three volumes, to be called the "Fireside Edition."—G. P. Putnam's Sons are soon to publish a new edition of that most valuable guide in the judicious selection of books, "The Reader's Guide." A new feature will be a carefully selected list of belles lettres works in French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Of the two former languages about an hundred books will be included, and fifty of the others. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. published, during the past year, some thirty different works, a number of which are of standard and permanent value. They have brought out the second and third volumes of the well-known "Speaker's Commentary," a work without the prolixity and minuteness of Lange, but embodying the very latest results of Biblical study in an interesting and readable style. Mr. Bagehot's "Lombard Street" is a book which deservedly attracted attention on its appearance. In it may be found the best and most satisfactory account of the London money market. Prof. G. P. Fisher's "History of the Reformation," while not a work of a master mind, is nevertheless scholarly, able and impartial, and will have an enduring reputation. Prof. Perry's standard work on "Political Economy," viewed from a free trade standpoint, has been issued in an eleventh edition. The second volume of Prof. Ueberwey's "History of Philosophy" is one of the year's issues which appeals most strongly to the notice of the educated. In general literature the Messrs. Scribner have published two volumes on philological topics, by Fitz-Edward Hall, the writer who has met with so much of the best and most satisfactory accounts of the Chinese and their relations to the foreign residents. The missionaries and their methods of work receive considerable attention, and in some respects are criticized unfavorably. Two of Mr. Jules Verne's books are also on the list—one of them, "From the Earth to the Moon," being one of the very best of the author's clever burlesques. A number of good novels have also been issued, such as Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Saxo-Holms Stories," Mrs. Oliphant's "May," Christine Muller's "The Burgomaster's Family," etc. While not so full of that of some other publishing houses, the list of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s publications is an excellent one. Mr. T. Ellwood Zell, of Philadelphia, has just issued the first five parts of Duyckinck's great "Cyclopedia of American Literature," and will continue the publication at the rate of two numbers a month, until the whole series is complete. The work, which is one of the fullest and most satisfactory histories we have of the literature of this country, was first brought out some eighteen years since, and it has not been surpassed by any later competitors in its chosen field. The American literature of the past score of years has been of far greater extent, and more merit than during any similar period of our history as a nation; and to give the work the highest usefulness, many notices of books and authors have been added by the editor, Mr. M. Laird Simons, whose critical ability well fits him for this undertaking. Mr. Zell published, not long since, a valuable "Popular Encyclopedia," issued likewise in parts, which deserves the attention of the reading and scholarly public.—His "Two Wives" is the title of Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames' new story, now just beginning in Every Saturday. The magazine, with its change of ownership, seems to have acquired a new vigor and spirit, and its columns were never better filled than they are to-day. Mr. James Parton's "Life of Thomas Jefferson" is now ready at the Osgoods, and it forms one of the most readable of the numerous books of biography lately issued. It is perhaps open to the criticism of presenting Jefferson in too exalted a light, and as unduly depreciating some of his associates—notably Alexander Hamilton; but in its general estimate of the great Virginian statesman most students of history will concur. Mr. Parton seems to write with all the vim and enthusiasm of a contemporary, and is so much in earnest that he has not had an opportunity to be enduring interest.







## The Christian World.

## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

## OUR BULGARIAN MISSION.

BY REV. F. W. FLOCKEN.

From its commencement this mission was looked upon as providential, and one of the corresponding secretaries of the Missionary Society not long ago remarked in a public meeting, that the very method of our entering Bulgaria imposed upon the Church a certain obligation to hold the ground, and to do our work well. That the ground is held, is known from the facts that the Bulgarian Mission appears on the missionary records of the Church, and that the present article is written on the ground by one connected with the mission; and taking into consideration the small number of missionaries which, from its commencement in 1857, were sent into this field (five in all); the mysterious dealings of Providence with them and their families; the extent of the field, which is almost as large as the State of Pennsylvania; the army of corrupt priests and monks, with the advantage of the press of the country, from which they issued from time to time scurrilous and abusive articles and books against these missionaries and their teachings; as also the aspersions and religious ignorance of the people, and their contest for the past fifteen years to free themselves from the Greek patriarch of Constantinople and the Greek priests—taking into consideration all this, I venture to say that the ground was not only held, but held well.

Now in regard to the work, we must first see what was expected of these missionaries. In looking over the letters before me, I find in the letter of instruction given to the first missionaries who went to this field, that 1, the chief object was to awaken in the Bulgarian Church, which is of the Greek rite, a desire for evangelical religion; 2, if occasion offers, they are to address themselves to the Mohammedans; 3, in prosecuting the mission it was judged they will find it necessary to institute schools; 4, as an auxiliary, they will have occasion to distribute the Bible among the people, or cause it to be distributed; 5, in due time, and perhaps quickly, they may be called on by circumstances to use tracts in the common language of the country. In the year 1866 the following instruction was added: "We advise you to form the mission into a Methodist Episcopal Church, as we do in other missions, using the forms and rules of our Church."

It would take up too much space and time were I to go through all the annual reports and letters from this mission, setting forth the means employed and the success achieved; but I must say that these missionaries, in connection with their brethren of the American Board, and the agents of the Bible Societies, notwithstanding all the opposition and hindrances, succeeded to translate and to publish a number of books, such as the Pilgrim's Progress, Dairman's Daughter, Little Henry, Primer, Question Book on the Old Testament, Letters to Mothers, Hymn Books with music (which are being introduced into the schools of the country), several other books, as also about fifty tracts on various religious subjects, several editions of the New Testament, parts of the Old Testament, and finally, the best of all, the whole Bible in one volume.

It is true that we, as a mission, have no school, but not because the missionaries did not find schools necessary. No; the necessity was felt and mentioned from time to time, but the proper authorities at home did never see through it. Our brethren of the American Board, in their mission on the other side of the Balkan, many years ago opened a school for boys and one for girls, and both have already brought forth good fruits, and no doubt will do so more abundantly hereafter.

And how is it in regard to the last instruction—the advice to form the mission into a Methodist Episcopal Church? Did the missionaries, knowing their insufficient force, the great difficulty to supply and keep such Churches when formed, as also the tardiness of the Church in sending to their help the often promised men; did the missionaries shrink from the difficulty? No; as sons in the Gospel they obeyed, and commenced forming the mission into a Church; and the societies at Sifot, Tultscha and Lofitche are now a proof that their work was not in vain; yet the existence of these societies is a wonder in our eyes. But this is not all, for from Tultscha, Sifot, Ruschuk, Gabrova, and even from before Fort Fisher in the United States, fruits of this mission have entered the heavenly world, and no doubt are now praising God and the Lamb for it.

Therefore, taking into consideration everything, I cannot but say again, in all humility, that the work was not only done, but well done; and this is just one of the reasons why, upon our return to this field, after an absence of only one and a half years, we find the field so different from its condition when we first entered upon it.

[To be continued.]

Prince Bismarck, in an interview with the Hungarian author, Maurus Jokai, is reported to have said, "the French are enemies never to be appeased. Take away from them the cook, the tailor, and the hairdresser, and what remains of them is a copper-colored Indian." He strongly repudiated any desire for increased territory, adding, "the only enemy Europe has to fear is the Pope."

## RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Dr. H. C. Westwood, recently transferred from the West Virginia to the Baltimore Conference, has withdrawn from the Methodist Episcopal Church. We are without particulars as to the cause of this sudden transition, except that we are informed he felt afflicted at the appointment assigned him.—*Christian Advocate*.

The representatives of Williams, Princeton, Wesleyan and Columbia Colleges, and the University of New York, have decided to hold the first inter-collegiate literary contest at the Academy of Music, this city, January 7, 1875.

A saloonist attempted to bluff a woman of Dayton, O., with the challenge: "Madam, Christ drank wine; why can't we?" Instantly the reply was given: "Yes, sir; and if you will sell wine made from water, you may do so." Bickham gives the moral: "Don't quote Scripture from those women."

The Glasgow revival continues to progress which originated in connection with the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Ministers of various Churches are assisting. Mid-day and other meetings are attended, and the various Churches are receiving large accessions, especially of young people.

In the Swaffham Circuit a gracious revival is in progress. Not only are conversions taking place at the services in the chapel, but some have been smitten with a consciousness of sin while at work in the fields; and most of the converts are adults. The revival has extended to Deneham. Mr. J. Marsden, of Dancaster, visited Swaffham recently, and the special services were then commenced.

## TEMPERANCE.

## THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE IN BROOKLYN.

The temperance work, identifying itself with the work of the Lord, is making sure, steady, though slow progress in this great city. "He that believeth shall not make haste;" and the workers are endeavoring to be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." For nearly five weeks the ladies of the Temperance Union have held daily prayer-meetings in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting at 3 o'clock is presided over by a lady, and from 3 o'clock to 4 o'clock a gentleman has in charge; but with regard to prayers and addresses, "there is neither male nor female, but all are in Christ Jesus." Those who are willing to work are called together at half past 1, and sent out in twos and threes to visit saloons, grocers, druggists, etc., generally returning, though not in all cases, in time to report at the public meeting.

The executive committee, numbering thirty, meet two or three times a week, at 10 o'clock, discussing the city, appointing work to the various committees, arranging for meetings, etc. Meetings for special consecration are from time to time called for, and a men's prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock A.M. has for some time been held.

On Sunday afternoon and Thursday evening mass temperance meetings are held in the various churches. Mr. Beecher, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Scudder, Dr. Fulton, and several Methodist and Baptist churches have already opened their hospitable doors to the vast crowds which assemble upon these latter occasions. Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Steele, the brothers Dunbar, and other well-known preachers, besides the city pastors, have here delivered very effective addresses. There have also been special days of fasting and prayer in many of the churches, and a large body of pastors signed their names to a petition to Dr. Lewis to remain and assist in the work. A deputation of ladies presented the claims of the New York East Conference, and were warmly responded to.

The afternoon meetings have been generally very well attended, though they vary from day to day. Once or twice only a hundred were present, and there have been as many as a thousand. These are all bona fide prayer-meetings, and the solemn spirit of consecration and faith which has prevailed from the first is something very remarkable. Perhaps never before has holiness, entire devotion of heart and life to the service of God, been so insisted upon as a foundation for work.

It is difficult as yet to give results. The work has been rather in process of organization, the power of Almighty God in answer to prayer being the ground of trust rather than any plans. Many visitors have not reported at all, and there is a general feeling against seeming to "number the hosts of Israel." But from a rough estimate this much has been accomplished:—The city has been districted; over two hundred saloons have been visited by about thirty ladies, who, in addition to the executive committee, form at present all the working force enlisted; the druggists and grocers have been pretty nearly all seen and conversed with; a deputation of ladies have waited upon Mayor Hunter, and secured his sympathy and approbation; and another, armed with a list of signatures of temperance druggists and grocers, have presented a petition to the Excise Commissioners to suppress the licenses at present granted to these businesses.

The ladies report that they are always well received by saloon keepers, who in general seem to be sick of their business, and would gladly give it up if they could see any way of supporting their families. They are, many of them, afraid to have the ladies pray—a sort of superstitious feeling that prayer is inimical to their success; and yet often at the close of a conversation ask for prayer with tears in their eyes. Some have not entered a church for forty years. How can they, and sell liquor? Others own pews, into which

they never enter, but send the money earned in the nefarious traffic to help support the gospel of Christ. Others still are Church members themselves, and their bars are patronized by Church officers and ministers. "The stone," said one of the ladies, "which is closing the mouth of the sepulchre of the risen Christ has been placed there by the Churches, and we call upon them to roll it away." Several saloons have been freely offered for prayer-meetings, and eight of these have been held on Sunday evenings. Never will the writer forget the sea of faces which filled the room on one of these occasions, the hungry look which seemed to say, "come to the rescue; bring the bread of life to the famishing before it is too late." Considerably over a hundred pledges have been obtained, chiefly at these meetings; several dealers have added their names to the list, while two have already closed their establishments.

At these saloons the visitors often find groups of young men, whom they invite to the daily meetings at the Hall. Many have accepted the invitation, and have become the most regular attendants. On one or two occasions several of these rose for prayer, and asked for conversation at the close; so it has come to be that another meeting is held in an adjoining room, from 5 o'clock to 6 o'clock; and every day twenty or thirty young men are there prayed with, and in some cases led to Jesus.

We have not in Brooklyn, as yet, any of those startling developments with which our Western papers have rung; the work is awfully great, the workers few, like those one hundred and twenty who, in an upper chamber at Jerusalem, laid their plans for the conquest of a heathen world to Christ. But their weapons are the same, and have been proved efficacious to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds ere this. Their Leader's arm is not shortened; they are resolved to be guided by His eye, and running only where He sends them, to tread the sure path to ultimate victory. Their work is already a success; the foundations are being undermined; public sentiment is gradually rising; and in this "day of small things" their faith takes firm hold of the eternal throne; they "thank God and take courage." M. E. WINSLOW.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1874.

## Commercial.

**BOSTON MARKET.**  
WHEAT—Superior, \$2.50; extra, \$2.50; No. 1, \$2.50; No. 2, \$2.50; No. 3, \$2.50; No. 4, \$2.50; No. 5, \$2.50; No. 6, \$2.50; No. 7, \$2.50; No. 8, \$2.50; No. 9, \$2.50; No. 10, \$2.50; No. 11, \$2.50; No. 12, \$2.50; No. 13, \$2.50; No. 14, \$2.50; No. 15, \$2.50; No. 16, \$2.50; No. 17, \$2.50; No. 18, \$2.50; No. 19, \$2.50; No. 20, \$2.50; No. 21, \$2.50; No. 22, \$2.50; No. 23, \$2.50; No. 24, \$2.50; No. 25, \$2.50; No. 26, \$2.50; No. 27, \$2.50; No. 28, \$2.50; No. 29, \$2.50; No. 30, \$2.50; No. 31, \$2.50; No. 32, \$2.50; No. 33, \$2.50; No. 34, \$2.50; No. 35, \$2.50; No. 36, \$2.50; No. 37, \$2.50; No. 38, \$2.50; No. 39, \$2.50; No. 40, \$2.50; No. 41, \$2.50; No. 42, \$2.50; No. 43, \$2.50; No. 44, \$2.50; No. 45, \$2.50; No. 46, \$2.50; No. 47, \$2.50; No. 48, \$2.50; No. 49, \$2.50; No. 50, \$2.50; No. 51, \$2.50; No. 52, \$2.50; No. 53, \$2.50; No. 54, \$2.50; No. 55, \$2.50; No. 56, \$2.50; No. 57, \$2.50; No. 58, \$2.50; No. 59, \$2.50; No. 60, \$2.50; No. 61, \$2.50; No. 62, \$2.50; No. 63, \$2.50; No. 64, \$2.50; No. 65, \$2.50; No. 66, \$2.50; No. 67, \$2.50; No. 68, \$2.50; No. 69, \$2.50; No. 70, \$2.50; No. 71, \$2.50; No. 72, \$2.50; No. 73, \$2.50; No. 74, \$2.50; No. 75, \$2.50; No. 76, \$2.50; No. 77, \$2.50; No. 78, \$2.50; No. 79, \$2.50; No. 80, \$2.50; No. 81, \$2.50; No. 82, \$2.50; No. 83, \$2.50; No. 84, \$2.50; No. 85, \$2.50; No. 86, \$2.50; No. 87, \$2.50; No. 88, \$2.50; No. 89, \$2.50; No. 90, \$2.50; No. 91, \$2.50; No. 92, \$2.50; No. 93, \$2.50; No. 94, \$2.50; No. 95, \$2.50; No. 96, \$2.50; No. 97, \$2.50; No. 98, \$2.50; No. 99, \$2.50; No. 100, \$2.50; No. 101, \$2.50; No. 102, \$2.50; No. 103, \$2.50; No. 104, \$2.50; No. 105, \$2.50; No. 106, \$2.50; No. 107, \$2.50; No. 108, \$2.50; No. 109, \$2.50; No. 110, \$2.50; No. 111, \$2.50; No. 112, \$2.50; No. 113, \$2.50; No. 114, \$2.50; No. 115, \$2.50; No. 116, \$2.50; No. 117, \$2.50; No. 118, \$2.50; No. 119, \$2.50; No. 120, \$2.50; No. 121, \$2.50; No. 122, \$2.50; No. 123, \$2.50; No. 124, \$2.50; No. 125, \$2.50; No. 126, \$2.50; No. 127, \$2.50; No. 128, \$2.50; No. 129, \$2.50; No. 130, \$2.50; No. 131, \$2.50; No. 132, \$2.50; No. 133, \$2.50; No. 134, \$2.50; No. 135, \$2.50; No. 136, \$2.50; No. 137, \$2.50; No. 138, \$2.50; No. 139, \$2.50; No. 140, \$2.50; No. 141, \$2.50; No. 142, \$2.50; No. 143, \$2.50; No. 144, \$2.50; No. 145, \$2.50; No. 146, \$2.50; No. 147, \$2.50; No. 148, \$2.50; No. 149, \$2.50; No. 150, \$2.50; No. 151, \$2.50; No. 152, \$2.50; No. 153, \$2.50; No. 154, \$2.50; No. 155, \$2.50; No. 156, \$2.50; No. 157, \$2.50; No. 158, \$2.50; No. 159, \$2.50; No. 160, \$2.50; No. 161, \$2.50; No. 162, \$2.50; No. 163, \$2.50; No. 164, \$2.50; No. 165, \$2.50; No. 166, \$2.50; No. 167, \$2.50; No. 168, \$2.50; No. 169, \$2.50; No. 170, \$2.50; No. 171, \$2.50; No. 172, \$2.50; No. 173, \$2.50; No. 174, \$2.50; No. 175, \$2.50; No. 176, \$2.50; No. 177, \$2.50; No. 178, \$2.50; No. 179, \$2.50; No. 180, \$2.50; No. 181, \$2.50; No. 182, \$2.50; No. 183, \$2.50; No. 184, \$2.50; No. 185, \$2.50; No. 186, \$2.50; No. 187, \$2.50; No. 188, \$2.50; No. 189, \$2.50; No. 190, \$2.50; No. 191, \$2.50; No. 192, \$2.50; No. 193, \$2.50; No. 194, \$2.50; No. 195, \$2.50; No. 196, \$2.50; No. 197, \$2.50; No. 198, \$2.50; No. 199, \$2.50; No. 200, \$2.50; No. 201, \$2.50; No. 202, \$2.50; No. 203, \$2.50; No. 204, \$2.50; No. 205, \$2.50; No. 206, \$2.50; No. 207, \$2.50; No. 208, \$2.50; No. 209, \$2.50; No. 210, \$2.50; No. 211, \$2.50; No. 212, \$2.50; No. 213, \$2.50; No. 214, \$2.50; No. 215, \$2.50; No. 216, \$2.50; No. 217, \$2.50; No. 218, \$2.50; No. 219, \$2.50; No. 220, \$2.50; No. 221, \$2.50; No. 222, \$2.50; No. 223, \$2.50; No. 224, \$2.50; No. 225, \$2.50; No. 226, \$2.50; No. 227, \$2.50; No. 228, \$2.50; No. 229, \$2.50; No. 230, \$2.50; No. 231, \$2.50; No. 232, \$2.50; No. 233, \$2.50; No. 234, \$2.50; No. 235, \$2.50; No. 236, \$2.50; No. 237, \$2.50; No. 238, \$2.50; No. 239, \$2.50; No. 240, \$2.50; No. 241, \$2.50; No. 242, \$2.50; No. 243, \$2.50; No. 244, \$2.50; No. 245, \$2.50; No. 246, \$2.50; No. 247, \$2.50; No. 248, \$2.50; No. 249, \$2.50; No. 250, \$2.50; No. 251, \$2.50; No. 252, \$2.50; No. 253, \$2.50; No. 254, \$2.50; No. 255, \$2.50; No. 256, \$2.50; No. 257, \$2.50; No. 258, \$2.50; No. 259, \$2.50; No. 260, \$2.50; No. 261, \$2.50; No. 262, \$2.50; No. 263, \$2.50; No. 264, \$2.50; No. 265, \$2.50; No. 266, \$2.50; No. 267, \$2.50; No. 268, \$2.50; No. 269, \$2.50; No. 270, \$2.50; No. 271, \$2.50; No. 272, \$2.50; No. 273, \$2.50; No. 274, \$2.50; No. 275, \$2.50; No. 276, \$2.50; No. 277, \$2.50; No. 278, \$2.50; No. 279, \$2.50; No. 280, \$2.50; No. 281, \$2.50; No. 282, \$2.50; No. 283, \$2.50; No. 284, \$2.50; No. 285, \$2.50; No. 286, \$2.50; No. 287, \$2.50; No. 288, \$2.50; No. 289, \$2.50; No. 290, \$2.50; No. 291, \$2.50; No. 292, \$2.50; No. 293, \$2.50; No. 294, \$2.50; No. 295, \$2.50; No. 296, \$2.50; No. 297, \$2.50; No. 298, \$2.50; No. 299, \$2.50; No. 300, \$2.50; No. 301, \$2.50; No. 302, \$2.50; No. 303, \$2.50; No. 304, \$2.50; No. 305, \$2.50; No. 306, \$2.50; No. 307, \$2.50; No. 308, \$2.50; No. 309, \$2.50; No. 310, \$2.50; No. 311, \$2.50; No. 312, \$2.50; No. 313, \$2.50; No. 314, \$2.50; No. 315, \$2.50; No. 316, \$2.50; No. 317, \$2.50; No. 318, \$2.50; No. 319, \$2.50; No. 320, \$2.50; No. 321, \$2.50; No. 322, \$2.50; No. 323, \$2.50; No. 324, \$2.50; No. 325, \$2.50; No. 326, \$2.50; No. 327, \$2.50; No. 328, \$2.50; No. 329, \$2.50; No. 330, \$2.50; No. 331, \$2.50; No. 332, \$2.50; No. 333, \$2.50; No. 334, \$2.50; No. 335, \$2.50; No. 336, \$2.50; No. 337, \$2.50; No. 338, \$2.50; No. 339, \$2.50; No. 340, \$2.50; No. 341, \$2.50; No. 342, \$2.50; No. 343, \$2.50; No. 344, \$2.50; No. 345, \$2.50; No. 346, \$2.50; No. 347, \$2.50; No. 348, \$2.50; No. 349, \$2.50; No. 350, \$2.50; No. 351, \$2.50; No. 352, \$2.50; No. 353, \$2.50; No. 354, \$2.50; No. 355, \$2.50; No. 356, \$2.50; No. 357, \$2.50; No. 358, \$2.50; No. 359, \$2.50; No. 360, \$2.50; No. 361, \$2.50; No. 362, \$2.50; No. 363, \$2.50; No. 364, \$2.50; No. 365, \$2.50; No. 366, \$2.50; No. 367, \$2.50; No. 368, \$2.50; No. 369, \$2.50; No. 370, \$2.50; No. 371, \$2.50; No. 372, \$2.50; No. 373, \$2.50; No. 374, \$2.50; No. 375, \$2.50; No. 376, \$2.50; No. 377, \$2.50; No. 378, \$2.50; No. 379, \$2.50; No. 380, \$2.50; No. 381, \$2.50; No. 382, \$2.50; No. 383, \$2.50; No. 384, \$2.50; No. 385, \$2.50; No. 386, \$2.50; No. 387, \$2.50; No. 388, \$2.50; No. 389, \$2.50; No. 390, \$2.50; No. 391, \$2.50; No. 392, \$2.50; No. 393, \$2.50; No. 394, \$2.50; No. 395, \$2.50; No. 396, \$2.50; No. 397, \$2.50; No. 398, \$2.50; No. 399, \$2.50; No. 400, \$2.50; No. 401, \$2.50; No. 402, \$2.50; No. 403, \$2.50; No. 404, \$2.50; No. 405, \$2.50; No. 406, \$2.50; No. 407, \$2.50; No. 408, \$2.50; No. 409, \$2.50; No. 410, \$2.50; No. 411, \$2.50; No. 412, \$2.50; No. 413, \$2.50; No. 414, \$2.50; No. 415, \$2.50; No. 416, \$2.50; No. 417, \$2.50; No. 418, \$2.50; No. 419, \$2.50; No. 420, \$2.50; No. 421, \$2.50; No. 422, \$2.50; No. 423, \$2.50; No. 424, \$2.50; No. 425, \$2.50; No. 426, \$2.50; No. 427, \$2.50; No. 428, \$2.50; No. 429, \$2.50; No. 430, \$2.50; No. 431, \$2.50; No. 432, \$2.50; No. 433, \$2.50; No. 434, \$2.50; No. 435, \$2.50; No. 436, \$2.50; No. 437, \$2.50; No. 438, \$2.50; No. 439, \$2.50; No. 440, \$2.50; No. 441, \$2.50; No. 442, \$2.50; No. 443, \$2.50; No. 444, \$2.50; No. 445, \$2.50; No. 446, \$2.50; No. 447, \$2.50; No. 448, \$2.50; No. 449, \$2.50; No. 450, \$2.50; No. 451, \$2.50; No. 452, \$2.50; No. 453, \$2.50; No. 454, \$2.50; No. 455, \$2.50; No. 456, \$2.50; No. 457, \$2.50; No. 458, \$2.50; No. 459, \$2.50; No. 460, \$2.50; No. 461, \$2.50; No. 462, \$2.50; No. 463, \$2.50; No. 464, \$2.50; No. 465, \$2.50; No. 466, \$2.50; No. 467, \$2.50; No. 468, \$2.50; No. 469, \$2.50; No. 470, \$2.50; No. 471, \$2.50; No. 472, \$2.50; No. 473, \$2.50; No. 474, \$2.50; No. 475, \$2.50; No. 476, \$2.50; No. 477, \$2.50; No. 478, \$2.50; No. 479, \$2.50; No. 480, \$2.50; No. 481, \$2.50; No. 482, \$2.50; No. 483, \$2.50; No. 484, \$2.50; No. 485, \$2.50; No. 486, \$2.50; No. 487, \$2.50; No. 488, \$2.50; No. 489, \$2.50; No. 490, \$2.50; No. 491, \$2.50; No. 492, \$2.50; No. 493, \$2.50; No. 494, \$2.50; No. 495, \$2.50; No. 496, \$2.50; No. 497, \$2.50; No. 498, \$2.50; No. 499, \$2.50; No. 500, \$2.50; No. 501, \$2.50; No. 502, \$2.50; No. 503, \$2.50; No. 504, \$2.50; No. 505, \$2.50; No. 506, \$2.50; No. 507, \$2.50; No. 508, \$2.50; No. 509, \$2.50; No. 510, \$2.50; No. 511, \$2.50; No. 512, \$2.50; No. 513, \$2.50; No. 514, \$2.50; No. 515, \$2.50; No. 516, \$2.50; No. 517, \$2.50; No. 518, \$2.50; No. 519, \$2.50; No. 520, \$2.50; No. 521, \$2.50; No. 522, \$2.50; No. 523, \$2.50; No. 524, \$2.50; No. 525, \$2.50; No. 526, \$2.50; No. 527, \$2.50; No. 528, \$2.50; No. 529, \$2.50; No. 530, \$2.50; No. 531, \$2.50; No. 532, \$2.50; No. 533, \$2.50; No. 534, \$2.50; No. 535, \$2.50; No. 536, \$2.50; No. 537, \$2.50; No. 538, \$2.50; No. 539, \$2.50; No. 540, \$2.50; No. 541, \$2.50; No. 542, \$2.50; No. 543, \$2.50; No. 544, \$2.50; No. 545, \$2.50; No. 546, \$2.50; No. 547, \$2.50; No. 548, \$2.50; No. 549, \$2.50; No. 550, \$2.50; No. 551, \$2.50; No. 552, \$2.50; No. 553, \$2.50; No. 554, \$2.50; No. 555, \$2.50; No. 556, \$2.50; No. 557, \$2.50; No. 558, \$2.50; No. 559, \$2.50; No. 560, \$2.50; No. 561, \$2.50; No. 562, \$2.50; No. 563, \$2.50; No. 564, \$2.50; No. 565, \$2.50; No. 566, \$2.50; No. 567, \$2.50; No. 568, \$2.50; No. 569, \$2.50; No. 570, \$2.50; No. 571, \$2.50; No. 572, \$2.50; No. 573, \$2.50; No. 574, \$2.50; No. 575, \$2.50; No. 576, \$2.50; No. 577, \$2.50; No. 578, \$2.50; No. 579, \$2.50; No. 580, \$2.50; No. 581, \$2.50; No. 582, \$2.50; No. 583, \$2.50; No. 584, \$2.50; No. 585, \$2.50; No. 586, \$2.50; No. 587, \$2.50; No. 588, \$2.50; No. 589, \$2.50; No. 590, \$2.50; No. 591, \$2.50; No. 592, \$2.50; No. 593, \$2.50; No. 594, \$2.50; No. 595, \$2.50; No. 596, \$2.50; No. 597, \$2.50; No. 598, \$2.50; No. 599, \$2.50; No. 600, \$2.50; No. 601, \$2.50; No. 602, \$2.50; No. 603, \$2.50; No. 604, \$2.50; No. 605, \$2.50; No. 606, \$2.50; No. 607, \$2.50; No. 608, \$2.50; No. 609, \$2.50; No. 610, \$2.50; No. 611, \$2.50; No. 612, \$2.50; No. 613, \$2.50; No. 614, \$2.50; No. 615, \$2.50; No. 616, \$2.50; No. 617, \$2.50; No. 618, \$2.50; No. 619, \$2.50; No. 620, \$2.50; No. 621, \$2.50; No. 622, \$2.50; No. 623, \$2.50; No. 624, \$2.50; No. 625, \$2.50; No. 626, \$2.50; No. 627, \$2.50; No. 628, \$2.50; No. 629, \$2.50; No. 630, \$2.50; No. 631, \$2.50; No. 632, \$2.50; No. 633, \$2.50; No. 634, \$2.50; No. 635, \$2.50; No. 636, \$2.50; No. 637, \$2.50; No. 638, \$2.50; No. 639, \$2.50; No. 640, \$2.50; No. 641, \$2.50; No. 642, \$2.50; No. 643, \$2.50; No. 644, \$2.50; No. 645, \$2.50; No. 646, \$2.50; No. 647, \$2.50; No. 648, \$2.50; No. 649, \$2.50; No. 650, \$2.50; No. 651, \$2.50; No. 652, \$2.50; No. 653, \$



## HERALD CALENDAR.

Warwick District Ministerial Association, June 1-6  
at East Glastonbury.  
New Bedford District Conference, at Fair-  
haven, Mass., June 8-10  
Rockland District Ministerial Association,  
at Friendship, Me., June 22-28

CONFERENCE CALENDAR.  
Maine, May 4, Bangor.  
Mass., May 5, Stoughton.  
N. H., May 6, Belfast.

ZION'S  
HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1874.

TYNG'S OFFICE AND DUTY OF A  
CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

The five lectures delivered in September and October of last year by the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, are doubtless fresh in the recollection of the students and Faculty of the School of Theology in the Boston University, before whom they were given, and at whose request they are now put in permanent form. That Dr. Tyng should have been selected for such an office is only in accordance with the policy which, going outside of the denomination in whose interests the institution was founded, had already put upon its platform such Christian scholars and eminent divines as Manning, McCosh, Thomson, and Woolsey. That he should have been invited to give such a practical turn to his lectures as might be suggested by his personal experience as a minister for over half a century, would indicate the purpose of the authorities to give as sharply practical efficiency to their culture as possible. The manly, common sense way in which he approached his work could receive no mention here, for it is only in that Christian spirit of brotherhood, which is above all compliment, were it not for its contrast with some remarkable specimens of supercilious bigotry of about the same date, which we have hardly as yet had time to forget. "It has been one of the joys of my life," he says, "to mingle in the mutual offices of education, encouragement, and sympathy with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Under the providence of our common heavenly Guide, my own ministry has been pursued in that old Church of the Reformation, one of the fruits and progeny of which is the active and widespread Christian body to which this school of theology belongs. But I gratefully acknowledge "one body" among all the disciples of our gracious redeeming Lord; and in this assembly I feel myself in reality as much at home as if I had as openly taken the arm of Wesley as I have truly desired to imbibe the spirit, and to exercise the power of Whitefield, in the great purpose and warfare on earth, in which both were so equally and truly engaged.

There is in the ministry of the gospel a two-fold office. One is public, the other private and personal. It is the latter to which Dr. Tyng gives attention. "The Christian preacher is the public official teacher of divinely revealed objective truth. The Christian pastor is the private acknowledged minister of the same truth in its personal application and subjective individual experience." Both have the same end in view, and indeed they are complements one of the other. They deal with the same truths, and minister them to the same persons. But their methods are entirely different. A Church may provide itself with two men, one of whom shall preach in the pulpit, and the other perform the work of pastor in the private ministrations in the families of the congregation; but usually one man must do the whole, except as his lay brethren may come to his help. But assist him as they may, there are multitudes of cases in which the pastor alone can win success. And yet, Dr. Tyng's theory is, that the same man can be both, and can be better in each when they are properly united, than when purposely giving his whole mind and attention exclusively or mainly to either aspect. But he concedes, as the facts evidently require, that "it is by no means actually frequent that the same person becomes equally successful in both departments." This, however, is not saying that he is not more successful as preacher than he would be were he not a faithful pastor as well; nor yet that he is less successful as pastor than he would be if he were a less earnest preacher.

The annual addresses of our bishops to candidates at Conference sessions, forbid that the general sentiment of the Methodist ministry on these subjects shall die out. Yet in practical working the vital spirit may be lost. These addresses are too brief, and include too many and various topics, for that wide instruction and permanent effect which are desirable. There are numerous reasons that operate in tending to make ministers strive to be preachers rather than pastors. We have not been in the councils in which the late assignments of preachers have been made, and yet we probably risk nothing in saying that no small part of their embarrassments arose from the clamor of Churches for men of eminent preaching talent. Where one asks for a pastor, two ask for a preacher; and preachers know it. They know, too, that the first Sabbath in a new pulpit is a day of sharp, critical examination, and often of pronounced rebuke. It is strange if they some-

also in danger of their own conversation

with their minister in relation to their souls? We think that many a minister who may read the incidents which are so plentifully and delightfully scattered through these lectures, incidents so touching that their perusal starts the frequent tear, will wish that his people would come to him for counsel and sympathy and help, laying open their hearts and seeking his guidance. The union between pastor and people should be so cordial, entire, and spiritual, as well as respectful and friendly, that both shall feel that the care of their souls, as well as their instruction, is committed to him.

We are, therefore, heartily glad that these lectures are to have a wider audience than listened to their oral delivery. We believe that their principles and spirit must be perpetuated in order to an efficient ministry and a triumphant Church. They hold us to first truths, from which there is ever a tendency to depart. They embody much of the actual experience of a master in Israel, and tell us how and on what principles he went to work to save souls. May that lesson be not in vain.

## AUSTRIA AND THE PAPACY.

The Prussian conflict is just now being repeated on Austrian soil. The government has so long yielded to the demands of the Romish Curia, that it finds itself tied hand and foot by the power and assumption of the Church, and has at last resolved to cancel the Concordat in fact as well as in form, and introduced a new code of ecclesiastical laws, which will enable it to be its own master in some slight measure.

The spirit of civil liberty and independence of the State from the trammels of the Church, so successfully cultivated by Maria Theresa and her son, Joseph the Second, disappeared entirely shortly after the Congress of Vienna, and in a little while the Jesuits and the officials of the Papal See took full possession of the State. The revolution of 1848 so weakened the government that it was willing to accept almost any aid that would enable it to withstand the attacks of liberalism, and by 1855 was induced to make the Concordat, or Papal treaty, whereby the ruling power was vested in the Church rather than in the State.

In this measure the politicians deceived themselves, for the extreme tyranny thereby introduced into civil life by ecclesiastical interference, exaggerated, rather than allayed; but they, at least for a time, suppressed the unruly elements. The laws of marriage became ecclesiastical, rather than civil; the school was placed under the domain of the Church entirely; the universities were given over to Church control; and even the literature of the country was subjected to a clerical censorship. But this Concordat did not bring the promised fruits; for the schools under the clergy paid not the least attention to scientific knowledge, and the priests, educated by the Bishops alone, were steeped in fanaticism.

The government vainly tried to effect alterations in the Concordat, but every project was rejected by the Church, and instead of an improvement, the Syllabus of 1864 introduced the doctrines of the Middle Ages, which are so totally incompatible with the modern State. Aided by this instrument and the treaty itself, the Church formed a State within a State, which led to a total abrogation of the civil power in the most important spheres of civil life. When the fundamental civil code of Austria of 1867 blocked out the modern State for the Empire, the gap between this and the Concordat became more patent, and the Austrian Bishops took the part of Rome against their own country. They openly and secretly opposed the laws intended to fix the relations between the school and the Church, and especially the ordinances concerning the different sects.

Then came the Vatican Council, at which the principles of the Syllabus were made the laws of the Church, and consequently of those States standing in relation to it by means of Concordats. Austria protested against the Syllabus and the Dogma, but spoke to deaf ears, and her own bishops were degraded to the position of mere instruments of the Pope. She at last, in 1870, resolved to dissolve the Concordat by imperial proclamation. But it was not so easy to do this, from the fact that it partook of the character of an international treaty and a State law, and its abrogation must therefore be followed by a new code in place of the one rejected. An effort was made to avoid this by special legislation regarding marriage and school laws, etc.; but these have all proved unsatisfactory, until now the Parliament is engaged on a set of laws which are virtually to form a new code in regard to all the matters controlled by the Papal treaty.

And just here the Romish Bishops supported by Austria, and pretending to be her own loyal citizens, rise against her and sustain the Pontiff in his claim to rule the Church and the schools in Austria. For centuries the State has lived and ruled in such intimate connection with the Church, that a separation now is a very severe process, especially as the Church has ever lent herself to the accomplishment of political aims. And naturally the laws which give the greatest offense are those referring to the appointments of Bishops and priests, only with civil sanction in places endowed and sustained by government. One paragraph, for instance, forbids the Church to communicate a citizen because of the exercise of any political party. This, it will be seen, permits a man to vote as he pleases, and forbids the Church to

interfere with him in the exercise of this privilege. And again, a citizen has the right to be married by civil officers, if he so elects, without drawing on him the excommunication of the Church. Another paragraph forbids the Church to exercise corporal punishment for ecclesiastical misdemeanors. A monk who chose to turn Protestant, in a way in no wise conflicting with the civil law, was imprisoned in the cell of a convent for six months, alongside the cells of two lunatics, and just over the sewer, with bread and water. This could not be repeated under the above law.

But the Bishops protest against the passage of this new code, and the Pope exhorts them to hold out against it, and refuse to accept it in their relations to their people, and therefore all the trouble of which we hear in the Austrian Legislature.

## THE METHODIST QUARTERLY.

The April number of this excellent Review embraces an unusually wide range of topics, two of its seven articles being on the education of the masses, and the others, with two exceptions, on purely secular themes. If the whole had been published in the *North American Review*, no one would have suspected that they were prepared for a denominational periodical, so free are they from any sectarian narrowness. In fact, the name of this Review has already become a misnomer, because it has long since abandoned the pent up Utopia of mere ecclesiasticalism, and entered the broad arena of the republic of letters.

Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., furnishes the first paper on New York State Schools. It is a history of the common school system of the Empire State, its struggles with ignorance, indifference, religious prejudice and partisan politics, to its present high position, from which it will never be dislodged. "The same inexorable logic that brought about free education, in spite of the opposition of cupidity or narrowness of mental vision, will also triumph over both sectarian bigotry and well-meaning but mistaken zeal for religion and morality." A careful study of this quotation will show Dr. Curry's position on the Bible in common schools, is following out his "inexorable logic" to the exclusion of every occasion for sectarian strife from the common school, especially the removal of the Holy Scriptures, except where all parties interested are united in retaining their reading as a school exercise. The article, evidently the fruit of life-long study on the part of its venerable author, is so replete with wise suggestions, so catholic in its spirit, so statesmanlike in its breadth of view, that it should be put into every family in the State of New York.

Tischendorf's New Testament is discussed by Rev. B. Hawley, D. D. The book under review is not the Greek Testament, but the authorized English version, with translated various readings from the three most celebrated manuscripts of the original Greek text. It is an attempt to exhibit to the people the results of that vast amount of critical research which has been expended on the New Testament during the past half century. It is gratifying to learn that in no case, however great the variations by additions or by omissions, are the doctrines and facts materially affected. No ancient Greek or Roman classic, subjected to the same criticism, could endure the test so well, for none can command three such original witnesses as the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrian manuscripts. How comforting it is to know that the deeper we dig down, the more massive and immovable are the foundations of God's Word.

Providence has ordained for the New Testament more sources of the greatest antiquity than are possessed by all the old Greek literature put together," says Tischendorf.

It is very fitting that the poet, Rev. George Lansing Taylor, should portray "Fine Art, its Nature, Necessity, and Offices." He is so far from the Puritan error, that art is sinful, that he declares that the man destitute of the aesthetic faculty could only partially know the works of God, the infinite aesthetic Being whose works are a boundless art-gallery. Believing that the aesthetic culture of the mind has profound religious bearings, the writer rapidly glances at some of the great art epochs, the pre-historic, the Mohammedan, the great Greek, the modern, and the grand epoch of Christian art. Of the historic epoch he says, "It made every brick carry a sentence or symbol stamped upon it, and covered every slab and pillar with elaborate volumes. And now these strange inscriptions, older than any profane history, these deathless books of brick and stone, are arising from the dust of forgotten ages by scores, and corroborating as by miracle the histories given in the Bible." To the reviewer's praise of the Gothic Church, as "the true artistic utterance of the only real and infinite religion of man," we oppose the wise saying of Spurgeon, "I can easily see that the devil invented it to keep the people from hearing the Word of God." The title *contra dulce* was probably never more emphatically expressed. The article is evidently written *con amore*, and is itself a splendid specimen of one branch of art which he has not delineated—the rhetorical art. He pleads eloquently for schools of art, and highly commends the College of Art in the Syracuse University, as a beginning "largely of a missionary character."

We feel quite a jolt at our sudden

descent from the airy fancies of art to that stern, grim fact of history, "The New York Riot of 1863." This chapter of horrors is opened to us by Rev. J. F. Richmond. If any one doubts that man at the bottom of his depraved nature is a beast, which can be overcome only by the blood of the Lamb, let him read this dark page of history, where 80,000 infuriated human beings, male and female, rush through the streets of the American metropolis, burning, pillaging, carousing, and murdering, making a reign of terror during four days, till the federal cannon swept them from the streets. To have lost New York, our monetary, commercial and military centre, would have been worse than a defeat at Gettysburg. The victory of New York is not conspicuous in the annals of the great rebellion, but more was staked on that battle and was saved by that victory, than by any in that eventful civil war. The article is a well written presentation of facts gathered from both loyal and rebel sources.

Rev. B. P. Bowne, of Halle, contributes the next paper, reviewing Strauss's last work, "The Old Faith and the New." Since the article was written the great sceptic, whose destructive criticism attempted to reduce "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" to a myth, has laid aside his pen forever, and gone to his own place. He had outlived his work. The rebound of common sense, which was momentarily startled and bewildered by the boldness and ingenuity of his sophisms, had already come, before Strauss could hide his confusion in the grave. Hence in reading this article we think of the warrior who "thrice did slay the slain." However, the polemic does the slaying of dead Strauss very handsomely. He follows up his metaphysical arguments, his assertion that man is a "natural production," yet nevertheless "he could reason from nebulae to life and mind, if his faculties were a little keener," with the demonstration of the extravagance and folly of the great German pantheist in his attempt to destroy the historic Christ, "declared to be the son of God with power by His resurrection from the dead." How much our modern assailants of Christianity need the witness of the Holy Spirit, the inward assurance that Jesus' doctrine is of God! In the light of the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, how much we do pity their spiritual darkness! They might enjoy the same illumination if they would do God's will.

"Theories of Life" is the theme of the last article, which is from the pen of Rev. Dr. J. H. Wythe. It is an attempt to dislodge infidelity from that nice little fortress which it assumes to have found in natural history, the spontaneity of life. The "protoplasm," "the bioplasm," and "primitive cell," and the vagaries of Darwinism are all marshaled in review before the reader.

Special attention is directed to the work of Dr. Beale, the most eminent English authority on microscopy and nerve structure. He proves the physical doctrine of life to be utterly unscientific.

The Synopsis of the Quarterlies, with extracts and editorial comments, is brimful of interest to one who wishes to keep abreast of his age, and cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of all the Quarterlies, domestic and foreign. The Foreign Religious Intelligence is concisely and clearly set forth, while the Quarterly Book Table is as appetizing as ever. A novelty is found in the present number—a Supplement, entitled "Education perpetuates a free State"—a very valuable article, with the statistics of schools, Churches (pulpit) and crime in several German States tabulated, showing that the crimes are in inverse proportion to the schools, the Churches producing very little effect. We wish this Report of Mr. Hawkins upon Compulsory Education could be scattered broadcast over our whole country, which, up to this hour, has failed to realize the recommendation of President Washington for the establishment of a national system of Common Schools, now needed more imperatively than ever, since the balance of power is now in the hands of illiteracy.

## The Magazines of the Month.

The coming month of May already clamors for attention, as she opens the myriad leaves of her monthlies. Singularly enough, in *Ladies' Repository*, our tasteful Dr. Wentworth has *harvested* picture for his frontispiece for May. The second engraving, however, saves him; for here we have the beautiful spring of childhood; only we hope the bird's nest, with its little appealing birdling, was not stolen from the parent bird. The contents of the number are excellent—solid enough, varied enough, and crowned with the wit and wisdom of the editor, whose sharp-pointed pen we are only too happy, always, to welcome in our columns.

The *Sanitarian* is a monthly of exceptional value. It treats in this number, of Hygiene as a study and a portion of the practice of the physician. He is to keep his patients well rather than cure them. It discusses thoughtfully the sewerage question, the rights of the insane, the healthfulness of dwellings, and that endless and difficult theme of ventilation. It has a great variety of short, suggestive articles and interesting miscellany.

Harper's Monthly opens with an illustrated poem of Herrick for May, adapted to an English climate rather than to ours. Its illustrated papers are, "A Naturalist in the Heart of Africa," the Boston "Flower Mission," "For Seal Millions on the Pribilof Islands," and a very interesting pictorial sketch of Robert Collier. Valuable papers on death rates, on the defective classes, an interesting history of John of Barneveld, and such an editor's table and miscellany as no other magazine affords, are to be found in this number.

The *Galaxy* has its continued story by Justin McCarthy; "Americans in Paris," by Albert Rhodes; a fine article on "Scandinavia" by Clemens Peterson, and a characteristic paper on the "Lost Beauties of the English Language," by Richard Grant White. Some of them, however, are not lost, and some are not beauties. A paper is given on the old French claims long since given up by our government, entitled, "An Old Piece of History." When we receive our proportion of a lost ship, in which we have to arrange the details of the celebration. As time, however, has elapsed, the public enthusiasm has somewhat waned, and the Centennial might degenerate into a simple local affair, in which Philadelphia, or Pennsylvania at most, would alone be interested. The terrible fires and the more serious financial catastrophes of the last year have tended to depress the public interest in it. A question also has arisen in reference to the propriety of making an international celebration of an event that is so purely national in its character. The ill-success peculiarly, also, of the last Austrian World's Fair, has thrown doubt upon the expediency of attempting another similar experiment at so early a date.

But the matter has now passed beyond the period of discussion. Several nations have, informally at least, accepted the invitation proffered by the Centennial Board, to be represented in the Fair and to forward specimens of mechanical and artistic skill. The city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania have done much, raising the enormous sum of \$4,000,000. Private individuals in other portions of the country have subscribed an additional million, which makes one half of the sum required. The whole country, now that the plan is determined upon, has an equal interest in its success, and would suffer in the chagrin of its failure. It must be, as it doubtless will prove, the grandest of all our national Expositions. The notable fact in the world's history which it commemorates, will give it a higher tone and a grander significance to its material displays, than that of any predecessor.

In another column of our paper Mr. Welsh, President of the Board, sets forth in a clear and strong light the claims of this great undertaking upon all our countrymen. Let all read it, and be ready for associated action.

Sunday, May 10, is the one selected by a committee from all the religious denominations of the city, as the "Hospital Sunday." We sincerely hope that every one of our ministers, at one of the services during the day, will call attention to the claims of these important institutions, and offer special prayer for the sick in their wards. Nothing could be more appropriate than a special service in which Christian men and women should follow their prayers and contributions, and look upon the sick, and these public homes for the suffering. A friend of ours, an attending physician in a city hospital (not Boston), said that scarcely a Protestant visitor ever came into his wards to offer a kind word or a prayer near a sick inmate, while Roman Catholic priests and laymen, and ladies of wealth connected with that Church often came. This was creditable certainly to them; but what shall we say of our Protestant brotherhood?

A collection is to be taken up in every Church. This comes at an inauspicious time for us, so soon after large subscriptions have been raised. But let not one fail to offer something, however small the amount. Let the boxes go round, pleading in dumb eloquence for the poor sufferers that are deprived of the privileges of the house of God. The following circular, with an outline sketch of the present condition and wants of our hospitals, has been sent to every minister:

"The hospitals of Boston have need of new supplies of money in order to maintain their beneficent work. The following named gentlemen, representing various religious societies, unite in recommending that a collection in behalf of the hospitals be taken in all the Churches in the city on the second Sunday in May, the money taken in this way to be divided among the hospitals of Boston designed to treat medical and surgical cases, and will have charge of its distribution. Samuel C. Cobb, B. K. Pease, Phillips Brooks, E. B. Mudge, E. B. Webb, S. N. Stockwell, George L. Chaney, Nathaniel Thayer, Theodore Metcalf, P. W. Chandler, James Reed, Alexander Blaikie, William Graham, William Claflin, A. J. Gordon, S. M. Lovering, J. B. Dunn, C. M. McPherson, L. L. Briggs, Richard Frothingham, N. M. Williams, L. B. Schwartz, H. H. Reuter, E. Edwards, M. H. Lyman, Thomas P. Beal."

Subscriptions may be handed in to this office, or be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Committee, Nathaniel Thayer, esq.

The (London) *Methodist* has a capital leader upon "suspended animation," referring to the noticeable fact that the religious interest of the winter months begins to abate as the Spring softens into Summer. It does not reprobate the recreation rendered indispensable by months of unbroken toil. Pastors and people need recreation. It exhorts its readers, however, to carry religion, in all its vital power, wherever they go—and wherever people gather. Christ and Christianity are adapted to every social condition; they do not detract from the highest forms of enjoyment, as they can never be spared from hours of affliction.

We cannot, says *The Methodist*, "show up our countrymen as being ungrateful for special services. True religion is not a matter of light and heated chapel. Progress in piety is not dependent upon protracted prayer-meetings. Let men turn to the great Master and the record of His teaching. It is found in the still and movement of out-door life. He had his teaching in the house when there was not room round the door for the hearers; but His kingdom was filled with the activities of sowers and reapers, fishers and delvers in the fields. The emotions which Christianity kindles are not born of crowded assemblies; the effects which it seeks to produce are not the offspring of natural excitement. The scene of Christian evangelism may change, but not when it is a question of limited resources, contains no advantages for selection to Churches bulletin or edifices six models of church architecture ranging in price from \$1,800 to \$50,000, and handsome pamphlets be widely circulated, and its suggestions be embodied in a sermon by every minister.

Our admirable New York correspondent, Dr. George W. Woodruff, has taken this year a supernatural relation. His health is greatly improved, but is not sufficient confirmed to permit him safely to undertake a pastoral charge. His post-office address will be Danville, Livingston County, N. Y.

Philip Phillips, who most completely embodies our idea of singing "with the Spirit and the understanding also," is to favor our citizens with one of his edifying concerts in Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, the 29th. We hope all our readers will condescend or without fail to go and hear him.

When the plan of organizing a great industrial fair, showing the material progress of the country as a leading feature in the celebration of the Centennial of the Republic, was started a few years since, it met with quite general concurrence. It seemed appropriate that the chief celebration should be held in Philadelphia, where the declaration of independence was read, and where the Government had its seat for a number of years. Delegates from the General Government and from the States were appointed to arrange the details of the celebration. As time, however, has elapsed, the public enthusiasm has somewhat waned, and the Centennial might degenerate into a simple local affair, in which Philadelphia, or Pennsylvania at most, would alone be interested. The terrible fires and the more serious financial catastrophes of the last year have tended to depress the public interest in it. A question also has arisen in reference to the propriety of making an international celebration of an event that is so purely national in its character. The ill-success peculiarly, also, of the last Austrian World's Fair, has thrown doubt upon the expediency of attempting another similar experiment at so early a date.

But the matter has now passed beyond the period of discussion. Several nations have, informally at least, accepted the invitation proffered by the Centennial Board, to be represented in the Fair and to forward specimens of mechanical and artistic skill. The city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania have done much, raising the enormous sum of \$4,000,000. Private individuals in other portions of the country have subscribed an additional million, which makes one half of the sum required. The whole country, now that the plan is determined upon, has an equal interest in its success, and would suffer in the chagrin of its failure. It must be, as it doubtless will prove, the grandest of all our national Expositions. The notable fact in the world's history which it commemorates, will give it a higher tone and a grander significance to its material displays, than that of any predecessor.

In another column of our paper Mr. Welsh, President of the Board, sets forth in a clear and strong light the claims of this great undertaking upon all our countrymen. Let all read it, and be ready for associated action.

Sunday, May 10, is the one selected by a committee from all the religious denominations of the city, as the "Hospital Sunday." We sincerely hope that every one of our ministers, at one of the services during the day, will call attention to the claims of these important institutions, and offer special prayer for the sick in their wards. Nothing could be more appropriate than a special service in which Christian men and women should follow their prayers and contributions, and look upon the sick, and these public homes for the suffering. A friend of ours, an attending physician in a city hospital (not Boston), said that scarcely a Protestant visitor ever came into his wards to offer a kind word or a prayer near a sick inmate, while Roman Catholic priests and laymen, and ladies of wealth connected with that Church often came. This was creditable certainly to them; but what shall we say of our Protestant brotherhood?

A collection is to be taken up in every Church. This comes at an inauspicious time for us, so soon after large subscriptions have been raised. But let not one fail to offer something, however small the amount. Let the boxes go round, pleading in dumb eloquence for the poor sufferers that are deprived of the privileges of the house of God. The following circular, with an outline sketch of the present condition and wants of our hospitals, has been sent to every minister:

"The hospitals of Boston have need of new supplies of money in order to maintain their beneficent work. The following named gentlemen, representing various religious societies, unite in recommending that a collection in behalf of the hospitals be taken in all the Churches in the city on the second Sunday in May, the money taken in this way to be divided among the hospitals of Boston designed to treat medical and surgical cases, and will have charge of its distribution. Samuel C. Cobb, B. K. Pease, Phillips Brooks, E. B. Mudge, E. B. Webb, S. N. Stockwell, George L. Chaney, Nathaniel Thayer, Theodore Metcalf, P. W. Chandler, James Reed, Alexander Blaikie, William Graham, William Claflin, A. J. Gordon, S. M. Lovering, J. B. Dunn, C. M. McPherson, L. L. Briggs, Richard Frothingham, N. M. Williams, L. B. Schwartz, H. H. Reuter, E. Edwards, M. H. Lyman, Thomas P. Beal."

Subscriptions may be handed in to this office, or be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Committee, Nathaniel Thayer, esq.

The (London) *Methodist* has a capital leader upon "suspended animation," referring to the noticeable fact that the religious interest of the winter months begins to abate as the Spring softens into Summer. It does not reprobate the recreation rendered indispensable by months of unbroken toil. Pastors and people need recreation. It exhorts its readers, however, to carry religion, in all its vital power, wherever they go—and wherever people gather. Christ and Christianity are adapted to every social condition; they do not detract from the highest forms of enjoyment, as they can never be spared from hours of affliction.

We cannot, says *The Methodist*, "show up our countrymen as being ungrateful for special services. True religion is not a matter of light and heated chapel. Progress in piety is not dependent upon protracted prayer-meetings. Let men turn to the great Master and the record of His teaching. It is found in the still and movement of out-door life. He had his teaching in the house when there was not room round the door for the hearers; but His kingdom was filled with the activities of sowers and reapers, fishers and delvers in the fields. The emotions which Christianity kindles are not born of crowded assemblies; the effects which it seeks to produce are not the offspring of natural excitement. The scene of Christian evangelism may change, but not when it is a question of limited resources, contains no advantages for selection to Churches bulletin or edifices six models of church architecture ranging in price from \$1,800 to \$50,000, and handsome pamphlets be widely circulated, and its suggestions be embodied in a sermon by every minister.

Our admirable New York correspondent, Dr. George W. Woodruff, has taken this year a supernatural relation. His health is greatly improved, but is not sufficient confirmed to permit him safely to undertake a pastoral charge. His post-office address will be Danville, Livingston County, N. Y.

Philip Phillips, who most completely embodies our idea of singing "with the Spirit and the understanding also," is to favor our citizens with one of his edifying concerts in Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, the 29th. We hope all our readers will condescend or without fail to go and hear him.

The telegraph brought the announcement last week of the death of Henry Slicer, D. D., of Baltimore. The event was not unexpected. He has been for some time seriously sick that his death has been constantly looked for. He held, however, his active relations to the ministry, and died a Residing Elder of Baltimore Conference. He had reached the age of 74. For many years he has been the leader of this large and powerful body of Methodist ministers. He was, for several seasons, Chaplain of the United States Senate, his pronounced political bias towards Democratic opinions and conservative State measures, rendering him very popular with the party that was, for so many years, dominant in our government before the civil war. He represented ideas in his church, the opposite of what were called New England sentiments; but he was always a frank and manly opponent. He was a powerful preacher, a keen debater, and an unequalled party leader. He was loyal to his Church and stood firm when the Southern brethren, who were his personal friends, severed their ecclesiastical relations from her. He was loyal to his country, and when others in the Baltimore Conference wavered, at the opening of the war, he stood by the legitimate administration and remained true to the Federal Government.

He has been a very efficient, faithful and successful minister of the gospel. We recollect hearing him in Washington thirty years ago, in his prime. He had the Chief Justice, and especially of his minister, as a constant hearer, and with general favor. His voice was strong and commanding; his thoughts were worthy of the powerful utterance he gave them, and the directness and earnestness of his utterance convinced the hearer of the hearty belief of the speaker in the truth that rushed from his lips. He has an enviable record of usefulness during the many years of his ministry, and especially of his ministrations. He caught the mantle of the earlier fathers of the denomination and emulated their zeal. Upon whom will his fall, as he drops it for the robe of the conqueror!

Our enterprising friend, Dr. Tourje, is out with a programme for a Normal Musical Institute to be held at East Greenwich, R. I., July 15-Aug. 30, to afford an opportunity for those who desire thorough preparation for teaching music, as well as for pupils in every stage of proficiency. The commodious buildings of the Academy, and its rare appliances, have been placed at the disposal of the Institute; and coming in "vacation time," as it does, the project will undoubtedly meet with general favor. Such masters in the profession as J. D. C. Parker, B. J. Lang, G. L. Osgood, G. E. Whiting, Carl Zerkow, J. K. Paine, and other able performers and instructors, have been engaged to give lectures and recitals, as well as private lessons. The plan embraces piano and organ playing, theory of music, vocal culture, church music, and general instruction in music for our public schools. From the closing line in the circular, we judge the Saturday of the term will be made the occasion of some interesting excursions for recreation's sake in the highly attractive vicinity of Greenwich.

One of the most indefatigable of Christian workers, an earnest man in the true sense of the word, devout, cheerful of temper, and full of Christian song, a friend of the poor and of sailors, was the late Rev. Phineas Stowe, long pastor of the Baptist Church in this city. The story of his early life, of his hearty consecration to the Master's work, of his manifold labors in this city, and especially of his ministrations among seamen, is very interestingly told in a volume just issued from the press of James H. Earle, 11 Cornhill, Boston. It has been compiled and edited by his successor, Rev. Henry A. Cooke. Many loving pens have contributed to the interest of its pages. It is full of valuable suggestions as to city missionary work, and is a worthy and deserved memorial of one who estimated it more than his meat or drink to do his Master's will.

One of our ministers last week said he wished to preach a sermon upon the Woman's Temperance Movement, and desired reliable facts and statistics. "Here is what you want," we were able to say, "just come to hand." The National Temperance Society of New York has published, in a pamphlet of 80 pages, a very full and interesting history of the origin and progress of this remarkable work, with the most striking incidents which have been gathered and preserved thus far in its course. It has been compiled by Rev. W. C. Steele, late of the Beekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, an able and eloquent advocate of total abstinence, and an earnest co-worker with the ladies in the vicinity of New York. Dio Lewis writes a short introduction for the work. It is a valuable document for circulation just at this hour.

Those societies about selecting new hymns and tune-books cannot do better than to adopt, as so many of our leading congregations have already done, Dr. Tourje's "Tribute of Praise," of whose merits we have already spoken. It contains our best hymns, and most familiar standard tunes; is adapted for all occasions of worship, and withal is the cheapest book in the market, 40,000 copies having been sold already. James P. Magee has

We insert with deep sympathy the following announcement: We well recollect the beautiful and thoughtful child; we are sorry that absence from town forbids our personal presence at the funeral. We shall insert next week extracts from the affectionate letter he wrote in reference to his interesting little girl, and her last sickness. Our prayers are with the afflicted parents in their great earthly loss but heavenly gain:

In Providence, April 22, in her 11th year, Lucy Sargent, eldest daughter of Rev. J. E. C. and Lucy A. S. Sawyer.

The Church Extension Annual for 1873 is a document of much practical value, giving the history and principles of the work, presents its wonderful field of effort, shows how much has been done, and limited resources, contains an address of exhortation to the churches, and offers for selection to Churches bulletin or edifices six models of church architecture ranging in price from \$1,800 to \$50,000, and handsome pamphlets be widely circulated, and its suggestions be embodied in a sermon by every minister.

Our admirable New York correspondent, Dr. George W. Woodruff, has taken this year a supernatural relation. His health is greatly improved, but is not sufficient confirmed to permit him safely to undertake a pastoral charge. His post-office address will be Danville, Livingston County, N. Y.

Philip Phillips, who most completely embodies our idea of singing "with the Spirit and the understanding also," is to favor our citizens with one of his edifying concerts in Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, the 29th. We hope all our readers will condescend or without fail to go and hear him.



The cream of 500 books put into one. The best sample of condensed history out. A beautiful work, which will surprise every one by its cleavage and fullness. OVER 600 PAGES, 75 FULL PAGE AND 100 OTHER ENGRAVINGS, on wood and steel, with beautiful colored maps. Send for Circulars. Address, COLUMBIAN BOOK CO., Hartford, Conn. and Chicago, Ill. 469



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.  
Bible Lesson Series, May 10.  
Lesson VI. Lev. xxi. 4-6, 15-21, 32-36.  
BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

## THE THREE GREAT FEASTS.

4 These are the feasts of the Lord, even holy convocations, which ye shall proclaim in their seasons.  
5 In the fourteenth day of the first month, at even is the Lord's passover.  
6 And on the fifteenth day of the same month is the feast of unleavened bread unto the Lord; seven days ye must eat unleavened bread.

15 And ye shall count unto you from the morrow after the Sabbath, from the day that ye brought the sheaf of the wave-offering; seven Sabbaths shall be complete;

16 Even unto the morrow after the seventh Sabbath shall ye number fifty days; and ye shall offer a new meat-offering unto the Lord.

17 Ye shall bring out of your habitations two wave loaves of two-tenths each; they shall be of fine flour; they shall be baked with leaven; they are the first fruits unto the Lord.

18 And ye shall offer with the bread seven lambs without blemish of the first year, and one young bullock, and two rams; they shall be for a burnt-offering unto the Lord, with their meat-offering and their drink-offerings, even an offering made by fire, of sweet savor unto the Lord.

19 Then ye shall sacrifice one kid of the goats for a sin-offering, and two lambs of the first year for a sacrifice of peace-offerings.

20 And the priest shall wave them with the bread of the first fruits for a wave-offering before the Lord, with the two lambs; they shall be holy to the Lord for the priests.

21 And ye shall proclaim on the self-same day, that it may be an holy convocation unto you; ye shall do no servile work therein; it shall be a statute forever in all your dwellings throughout your generations.

22 And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying:  
23 Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The fifteenth day of this seventh month shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord.

24 On the first day shall be an holy convocation; ye shall do no servile work therein.

25 Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord; on the eighth day shall be an holy convocation unto you, and ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord; it is a solemn assembly; and ye shall do no servile work therein.

These times of "assembling," or solemnities, as properly rendered, were appointed by the direct authority of God, and announced by public proclamation, called "a joyful sound" (Ps. lxxix. 15). They were evidences of divine wisdom, to maintain and diffuse religious knowledge and piety.

They indicate a life of faith and a walk with God, while they preserved the knowledge of the great facts on which their religion was founded.

Seven holy days of convocation were appointed for the year—two at the passover, two at the feast of tabernacles, one at the feast of trumpets, one at the pentecost, and one on the day of atonement.

These were peculiarly religious festivities, as is the meaning of convocation, and not occasions of secular and sensual feasting; and they were appointed at such times as were most favorable for traveling and leaving their secular employment, answering to our March, May and September.

Persons, places and things have thus far been treated in this Levitical law, but now holy times are appointed—not all to be perpetual, like the Sabbath, but to serve a purpose then and there.

The Lord's passover was celebrated in the first month, Abib, of their ecclesiastical year, as they were commanded (Exodus xii. 2) to reckon the beginning of their year from the memorable event of the passover. This is called the Lord's passover, because He passed over the houses of Israel when the destroying angel slew the Egyptian first-born. On that occasion a lamb was slain, and the blood was sprinkled with a bunch of hyssop on the lintel and the two side posts of the door. The feast to commemorate this wonderful event was devoted to meditation, prayer, praise and suitable other offerings to God. A male lamb without blemish was slain and eaten with lettuce, or bitter herbs, with unleavened bread. This they did in the posture of travelers, reins girt, shoes on their feet, staves in their hands, and eaten in a hurry. How indicative of that dreadful night! Death was the penalty for neglect of this feast of the passover. Since the destruction of Jerusalem the Jews have ceased to offer the paschal lamb, though they still continue this anniversary. Our Lord observed this passover, and in its place instituted the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the night before His death. Then He, the Lamb of God, shed His own blood, by which alone we can be saved from the destroying wrath of an offended and insulted God. Jehovah has decreed that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. And, as it was not enough that the paschal lamb was slain, but his blood must be sprinkled on the door-posts, so it is not enough that Christ has died for us; His blood must be applied to our hearts, by faith in Him, or we perish. Our paschal Lamb is our only hope.

And the feast of harvest, called also feast of pentecost and feast of weeks, was celebrated fifty days after the passover; and it was to commemorate the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, which occurred fifty days later. It continued one day. They ate leavened bread, they offered a handful of ears of barley, two loaves of wheat bread, one lamb for a burnt offering, with other offerings in praise to God; a kid also, for a sin-offering, with two lambs for a peace-offering, etc., etc. On this day all Israel was to meet God

and one another at the place the Lord had appointed. As they brought the fruits of their lands the law was repeated to them, requiring them to leave the gleanings of their harvest fields to the poor. God will accept no worship professedly offered Him, unmingled with thoughtful care and love for the suffering and lost. The joy and gratitude of harvest should, in part at least, express itself in charity to the poor. No heart truly alive to God's mercies will be slow of movement toward the necessitous.

This feast is regarded as highly typical. Dr. Murphy says, "the passover represents death; the wave sheaf and the wave loaves symbolize life. The Messiah is priest, king and prophet. As priest, He is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; as king, He is the wave-sheaf, the first fruits from the dead. This has peculiar force when we remember that He rose on the first day of the week, and the very day of the wave-sheaf being offered. As a prophet, when the day of pentecost was fully come, He sent the promise of the Father, the Spirit of truth and of utterance upon the disciples. . . . In this brief period of seven times seven days there is a typical epitome of the history of salvation." Why, in all this, did not the Jewish mind rise to a recognition and appreciation of the coming events of Calvary?

Shall be the feast of tabernacles for seven days. "In this solemnity," says Dr. Clarke, "the people left their houses, and dwelt in booths, or tents made of the branches of goodly trees—palm trees and willows of the brook. In these they dwelt seven days, in commemoration of their forty years' sojourning and dwelling in tents in the wilderness, while destitute of any fixed habitations. In imitation of this feast among the people of God, the Gentiles had their feast of tents. Plutarch speaks particularly of feasts of this kind in honor of Bacchus, and thinks, from the custom of the Jews in celebrating the feast of tabernacles, that they worshiped Bacchus because he had a feast called the feast of tabernacles, which they celebrate in time of vintage, bringing tables out into the open air, furnished with all kinds of fruit, and sitting under tents made of vine branches." (Ovid speaks of a feast of similar character.) Women and children joined in this celebration, cutting down branches of palm trees and willows, tying them up with gold and silver cords, carrying them to the synagogues, and keeping them by them at prayers. These also they carried at proper times around the Temple, singing Hosanna; and on the seventh day of the feast they went round the altar seven times, singing the great Hosanna. The priest drew water out of the pool of Siloam, and poured it out on the eighth day upon the sacrifice, amid great rejoicings. On the first day, besides the ordinary sacrifices, there were offered thirteen calves, two rams, and fourteen lambs, with flour and wine. The reading of the law and singing psalms was also a part of the exercises enjoined.

It is vastly profitable for all people who are comfortably situated, through favoring Providence, often to turn back, and call up the times and occasions of destitution and suffering. It adds much to present appreciation and gratitude.

This feast also is called typical. It indicates that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"—that here we have no continuing city—that we should go forth unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach.

All these feasts, numerous, extensive and costly, were needed, and useful then and there, as God saw and appointed them. But, thanks to His name, they were only temporary—are not needed nor enjoined now, as it is ours to live under a better covenant, with richer promises, less material and gross, more spiritual and lofty. Yet the use of those solemnities led the way to, and aided to usher in, all the rich spiritual fullness coming to us through the great and final sacrifice of the Lamb of God, who put an end to the former that He might introduce the latter. This "handwriting of ordinances" Christ has "taken out of the way, nailing it to His cross."

The Christian Sabbath, Christian baptism, and the Lord's Supper are the few, simple, and changeless appointments of Christianity—as broad and inflexible as the gospel itself; but beyond these the New Testament neither enjoins nor permits us to go with a touch to the Lord. Had Christmas, Lent, Easter, Palm Sunday, etc., etc., down to antiphonal confession, candles burning at noonday, and fish on Fridays, been important or useful observances of the Christian Church, Christ and the apostles would have observed and enjoined them. No Protestant can look at the growing multiplication and attention paid to these external ceremonies (called Christian), viewed in connection with the history of the Church, without apprehension for the future of Christianity. It is the nature and the history of the mind to infringe upon, and finally to crowd out, the weightier matters of the law. Use what God has appointed, and be content.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS, Sunday, May 10, From the Notes.

- 1 By whose authority were these feasts or "solemnities" announced?
- 2 What did they indicate among the people?
- 3 What was their useful purpose?
- 4 What the social and moral character of these solemnities?
- 5 Why was it called the Lord's Passover?

6 In what manner was this feast kept?

7 Why did they eat the passover in the posture and attire of travelers?

8 When and by whom was the passover abolished?

9 What is its substitute in the Christian Church?

10 Why is Christ called "The Lamb of God," and "Paschal Lamb?"

11 In what respects did the slain lamb at the passover resemble Christ?

12 By what other names was the feast of harvest known?

13 When and for what purpose was it celebrated?

14 How was it observed?

15 What law or rule for the reapers was given, or repeated, in connection with this feast?

16 What divine principle is thereby taught?

17 What was the feast of tabernacles?

18 For what purpose was it observed?

19 Who took part in it?

20 How many and what sacrifices were offered?

21 What profit is there in calling to mind former hardships?

22 When were these feasts to cease?

23 What only have we in their places in the Christian Church?

24 Are we at liberty to add new Christian feasts, or festivals unauthorized by the New Testament?

25 What is the peril of so doing?

## The Family.

## THE ROBINS' RETURN.

"They have come, dear mamma; I have heard them to-day—The red-breasted darlings, Just over the way."

"I saw two of them fly Towards our cherry-tree tall. O, I hope, dear mamma, They will give us a call."

"And perhaps they will build A dear little nest, And make a soft bed Where their babies can rest."

"O! there they come now! And they have lit on the tree. If they make it their home, How glad I shall be."

"I'll throw out some crumbs On the walk every day, And perhaps the dear robins All summer will stay."

S. E. D.

## THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

A FOREST FEAST—PARROTS—AT SEA AGAIN—A BRAVE SAILOR.

Perhaps the most annoying enemy—fever and ague excepted—which Waterton met in the forests of Guiana, was a tiny insect, not larger than a flea. It is called the chegue. For snakes, tigers, cats, and alligators he cared very little, as you will soon learn; but as he made his long forest journeys barefoot, the chegue kept him on the watch continually, and caused him not a little suffering.

Of these tormenting little insects he says:  
"Leaving their former haunts, beneath the skin, They form new settlements, and thrive within."

That is, they work their way under the skin, causing a pleasant sensation at first, but forming a nest in the flesh. Here they breed, and if not speedily dislodged with the point of a sharp knife, cause the parts around their nest to become a mass of ulcers.

One day Waterton saw one of these little plagues crawling on his hand—a part of the body it rarely attacks. Instead of brushing it off, he let it remain undisturbed, that he might study its movements. In half an hour it bored its way under the skin, and was out of sight. Then addressing it, in his quaint good-humored manner, he said:

"Awast there! my good little fellow. We must part company without loss of time. I cannot afford to keep you and your numerous family for nothing. You would soon eat me out of house and home."

He then applied the point of his pen-knife to the spot of the chegue's entrance, "and turned it loose upon the world again."

At another time, just before starting on a sea voyage, he thought he would try what effect the chegue would produce on his foot while at sea. So he went barefoot to a spot in the woods where it abounded. Very soon a "pleasant and agreeable kind of itching" under the bend of the great toe" assured him that one of these pests had "bored for a settlement." He sailed, leaving it undisturbed. When three days out at sea, the skin became blue at the point of the creature's entrance. A few days later, his invited guest became insupportable. He cut it, and its already numerous progeny, out with a pen-knife. To make sure of its effectual clearance, he dropped some spirits of turpentine into its late abode. Of course this experiment cost him considerable pain, but it also gave him certain knowledge respecting one of the most annoying creatures which live and flourish in the hot, humid air of tropical lands. It was a characteristic act, too, for Waterton never hesitated to give pain, hardship, or risk as the price of reliable facts concerning any of God's living creatures.

During one of his canoe trips on the Demerara river, the chegues contrived to almost honeycomb his back. The

fever and ague had seized upon him so severely, that while descending the river he was obliged to go ashore and lodge in an Indian's hut, with an old negro for his attendant. Here he laid down on the ground at full length, and was so sick as to be unconscious of the attacks of the chegues which bored into his back. After some days the negro accidentally discovered one of its nests. This led to an examination, when nine nests were found buried under the negro's flesh. Handling his pen-knife to the negro, he said:

"Take this, daddy, and start the intruders!"

The negroes and Indians in that country are very skillful in routing the chegues. They lay the part bare with a pin, and by a slow, careful process work round the bag or nest which encloses the chegue and its offspring. This done, they turn the bag out unbroken, leaving no stray insect behind to form a new colony.

The old negro performed this operation nine times on the sick naturalist's back. One cannot help admiring the spirit of the sufferer, when he finds him saying of this painful operation—

"Sick as I was, I wished an artist were present. The Indian's hut, with its scanty furniture, and bows and arrows hanging round; the deep verdure of the adjoining forest; the river flowing rapidly by; myself wasted to a shadow; and the negro grinning with exultation as he shewed me the chegues' nests which he had grubbed out, would have formed a scene of no ordinary variety."

No doubt. Yet to us the most telling feature of the picture is the heroic man who, while burning with fever and smarting with the pain of the knife, could discover and even enjoy the poetic aspect of such an utterly comfortless scene. But it was that heroic temper which made him what he was.

The numerous parrots and paroquets which abounded in the forests of Guiana charmed our naturalist's eye exceedingly. He speaks of two species especially—the hahia and the ara. Of the former he says:

"The hahia parrot, called in England the parrot of the sun, is very remarkable. He can erect at pleasure a fine radiated circle of tartan feathers quite round the back of his head, from jaw to jaw. The forepart of his head is white; his back, tail, and wings, green; his breast and belly tawny."

Of the latter he says: "Superior in size and beauty to every parrot of South America, the ara will force you to take your eyes from the rest of animated nature and gaze at him. His commanding strength, the flaming scarlet of his body, the lovely variety of red, yellow, blue, and green in his wings, the extraordinary length of his scarlet and blue tail, seem to demand for him the title of emperor of all the parrots. He mostly feeds on trees of the palm species. When the concourse trees have ripe fruit on them, they are covered with this magnificent parrot. He is not shy or wary. You may take your bow-pipe and quiver of poisoned arrows and kill more than you are able to carry. They are very voracious, and like the common parrots, rise up in bodices toward sunset, and fly two and two to their place of rest. It is a grand sight to see thousands of aras flying over your head, low enough to let you have a full view of their flaming manes. They breed in the holes of trees, are easily reared and tamed, and learn to speak pretty distinctly. The Indians feed their flesh very good, and the feathers serve for ornaments to their head dresses."

After six months' wandering among these enchanting forests, and securing more than two hundred specimens of their curious and splendid birds, our hero went to Georgetown and took passage once more for his native land.

He was standing one day on the deck of the vessel, gun in hand, when he was delighted to see the long desired Tropic bird, which he had vainly sought at Cayenne, sitting on the wave within gun shot. He fired with his usual unerring arm, and the next moment the splendid creature lay lifeless on the water. He knew what he was saying, and he said:

"A guinea for him who will fetch that bird to me!"

To his surprise, a Danish sailor instantly leaped overboard, with his clothes on, and swam toward the bird. A scene of confusion followed, for the ship was sailing rapidly. Some of the seamen made a rush aft to lower the jolly boat, which was fastened under the stern. But she was filled with lumber, and so securely lashed as not to be readily got out. The captain's voice then shouted:

"Ready about ship, all hands!"

The eager crew rushed to the halcyons. The sheets were let go. The helm shifted. But the unhandy ship "missed stays," as sailors term it, and they were obliged to "wear" her. Meanwhile, the poor Dane was left behind, buffeting the waves alone and unscathed by human eye. Every heart on board trembled. Scarcely one of them expected to ever see the poor fellow again. But after a long time the ship bore up toward the scene of his daring. Then many a brave heart leaped, and many a weather-beaten cheek was wet with tears, as the Dane appeared, "buffeting the waves, with the dead bird in his mouth."

He was soon taken on board, and Waterton received the much coveted bird from his "cold and trembling hands." He gave him the dearly earned guinea, thinking, perchance, that valuable as this bird might be in a museum, it would have been too dearly bought if the adventurous Dane had

lost his life in the bold attempt to secure it.

Waterton was delighted with his prize. He dissected and prepared it for a conspicuous place in his rare collection of birds and beasts at Walton Hall, where he kept it to the day of his death. It measured two feet and a half from the tip of its beak to the end of its cruciform tail. Its plumage was black and white, curiously mixed; its legs of orange color; and altogether it was a fine, noble-looking bird.

Englewood, N. J.

## "ONLY WORKING-GIRLS."

"Only a working-girl, lady, it's true; And yet I would not change places with you—Not for the silks and the laces you wear, Or the jewels that sparkle on fingers and hair—

Not for the carriage and horses you own—Not for your mansion of marble and stone—Not for the luxury there that abounds, Your blooming conservatory, beautiful grounds,

Parties of pleasure, receptions and balls, Concerts, operas, visits and calls. With these you're not happy; without them, I'm blest, Though often I'm weary, discouraged, perplexed.

Often the clouds of adversity lower; Dark grows my pathway; no light is before; With hope almost dead, and faith grown so weak, I look up, with the prayer that my lips can speak,

Longing for friends who are far, far from me, Wishing in vain for their kind sympathy, Thinking of joys that forever have flown, Of hopes that are dead, and friends that are gone.

Life one long battle, fighting with sin, Sometimes I'm conquered, but often I win. This my life, lady; I've pictured it true; And yet I would not change places with you.

Though not the owner of jewels rare, Though sparkling diamonds I never shall wear, Jesus has offered a priceless pearl, And it can be worn by a "working-girl."

MAUD.

## A COMMON JOURNEY.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

As we sat this morning in the library of a friend, the lady of the house, while dusting the parlor, sang, in earnest tones, the lines of the well-known hymn—

"All the fitness He requireth Is to feel your need of Him."

When she came and sat by me, we asked, "were you singing 'with the Spirit also,' my dear Mrs. J.?"

"Yes, I think so," was her reply, with a happy look. "Those words came to me with great force and beauty last night at the prayer-meeting, just as a familiar passage of Scripture comes to us with new and wonderful power."

We had often wished to know about the inner life of Mrs. J., and we asked, timidly, "when did you first feel your need of Him?"

"Do you wish to know about my journey out of Egypt?" And she gave us a bright smile.

"Yes, we want to know all about it. We have often wondered why you were so different from the other members of your family. How long have you been a Christian?"

"I think about twenty-two years ago, for the first time, I thought about Jesus, and dimly felt what I lacked without Him. Brought up as we were, in a Church that was anxious to teach us that Christ could be our example but not our Redeemer, I believe now that it must have been the Spirit that showed me 'He was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification.' Before I was twelve years old, I was very sick for a long time; and those who visited me would say, as they passed out of my room, 'I don't believe she will get well.' I thought, 'after death, what then?' I did not go to the Bible for information, for I was as ignorant as a heathen, but I felt that there must be two different places for people in the future world. Many persons that I knew did not like many others, and would not associate with them in this world, and of course heaven would not be heaven to them if they were all together there. We had a colored man, who worked in the garden, and he ran away from a master who tried to burn him alive. Ned was good, and loved God, and I was sure that he would be near the throne in heaven; but if the master was there too, he could not enjoy himself in Ned's presence. Then among the less awful sinners I found myself. Mother often told me how disobedient I was, and thoughtless and rude; and my sister Ellen was praised every day for being so gentle, lady-like and good. So I decided that if there was a hell I should go there. If this fate was inevitable, I thought that I could endure it if others could. Rather dreary, wasn't it, for a sick child of that age?"

We nodded, and said, "we find so many children who think about these things when very young."

After a little silence Mrs. J. continued: "One day I thought, 'what if I should get well? how could I be good, so as not to have to worry about what would become of me in eternity? Goodness wasn't in me. All the saintliness in our family was possessed by my sisters. I was the black sheep. 'God will teach me how to be good,' I thought; and for the first time I prayed. I felt my need of Him, and put the shoes on my feet, and took the staff in hand, ready to depart from Egypt, and said, 'Lord, show me the way.'"

Now see how God leads the weakest lambs that are under his care. A new choir was to be organized in

a Methodist Church, and though young, I was a good singer, and just the one wanted by the chorister.

I don't remember how it happened that I was allowed to go; but to me the change was very great—new Sabbath-school teacher and different influences of every kind.

Soon the time came when I so felt "the need of Him" that I could no longer stay away. Twenty years ago this same glad season of the year, I said to the Church, "I want Jesus for my Saviour; pray for me."

One of my school-mates, with whom I was most intimate, said, "I want to be a Christian, too, and shall follow you."

The Church was asleep, and there were no young Christians in the town; but when we expressed our anxiety to become Christians, the Church awoke with a start, and I now hear the prayer of the chorister, "Lord, bless these penitent souls who are weeping for their sins." I was not weeping; I was too much in earnest to shed a tear; but I wondered if I ought. I said, "O, Jesus, I want Thee. I don't know what I ought to do to find Thee. I'll do anything Thou requirest. There is nothing good about me; I have been a dreadfully wicked child; but do love me and pity me, for I do so want to love and serve Thee." And Jesus led me through the Red Sea.

My Pharaoh and his host were not swallowed up there; they crossed too, and followed hard after. I did not know that a wilderness journey was before me—that I needed so much discipline to make me a Christian woman.

My schoolmates had depended on me for their captain, to lead them into mischief; they thought that I was fore-ordained from the foundation of the world to be their leader and guide. It was not easy to shake off this habit, and I will own it was not altogether pleasant, either.

Our Church, twenty years ago, in some parts of the East, was not what it is to-day, and all of my friends, as well as my own family, felt it a disgrace to be a Methodist.

I sometimes fell into sin; the straight road to Zion seemed to have mountains in its way; I did not know the exact direction; I wanted to spread the wings of my soul and fly straight there; but I often became "entangled in the land, and shut in by the wilderness."

Although I so often failed, yet I was determined to reach the Canaan of perfection, and all I brought out of spiritual Egypt I wanted consumed. I did not want to stand every trial, and to-day I do not remember that I ever forsook Him and fled. Only think what love He has shown to so keep me, if He will only keep me to the end!

Kempis says that "temptations are often profitable." If I can only be among the "blessed that endure," it is all I ask. The waters were sometimes bitter, but I have learned that the "tree of life" is sweet. All our pleasures and all our trials taste differently when Christ is in them.

I am not out of the wilderness yet; I am at Horeb, drinking of the Living Fountain, and being fed with the heavenly manna. I am a growing child, and I am always hungry. I feed upon Him who said, "I am the bread of life."

When I was young, my mother allowed me to go into the pantry when I was hungry. In the same way I have to go now, between meals, to God's store-house, to feed on the hidden manna that comes down from heaven to earth to nourish and strengthen—to give life eternal. I find fellowship with Him while I try to walk with Him in His path of self-denial, humiliation, and cheerful obedience. I feel badly when I find a day that I have made no progress on the journey.

I am earnestly striving each day to lay aside every weight and the easily besetting sins, and to patiently run through the wilderness to the shores of the Jordan from which I can go over the river into the promised land.

## MY LILIES.

BY MATTIE WINSFELD TORREY.

Two stately lilies, fair and snowy white, Ere and blooming on their slender stalks; Two fair white vestals, holding day and night

Their ceaseless watch beside my garden-walks, Pure as a vision in apocalypse, And steeped with odor to their waxen tips.

With soul all fragrance, and with lips apart, By sunshine ripened and by breezes fanned, Snow-white, and bearing each a golden heart, Spotless, erect, my garden beauties stand, Each peerless chalice wrought divinely fair, Its boon of incense spilling on the air.

And you who strayed with me adown the walk, And hung above my lilies, speaking low, "Two snow-white mirrors upon one stalk; Do angel-wonders in your garden grow?" And when you breathed the odor-laden air, You sighed because the lilies were so fair.

The flowers wooed and won you with their grace; I, stepping softly, paused and made no sign; But my vision came a vanished face, And by my side I felt, O friend of mine, A vanished form; the lily-giver came, And sweetly smiled, and softly called my name.

A wee brown bulb she gave me, years ago, And deftly hid it (O the sweet design), In faith that, somehow, God would let it grow, To be to us a token and a sign.

And thus upon the lily's snow I trace Something beside its beauty and its grace, And so, whenever the lilies bloom, her face, Surpassing fair, bends to me from their shade;

Her presence makes an Alden of the place, Until the waxen things begin to fade, I love the flower, but half, methinks, I make My homage to it for the giver's sake.

Norfolk, Va., April 2, 1874.

## SHOOT SO LONG AS IT VAS.

A Chicago correspondent tells the following: At a recent trial before Justice Dougherty, it was thought important by the counsel to determine the length of time certain "two quarters of beef, two hogs and one sheep" remained in an express-wagon in front of plaintiff's store, before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness was a German, whose knowledge of English was very limited, but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon.

Then the following ensued:—  
Counsel—"State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store, and put it into the wagon, before it was taken away."







